FORUM

For December, 1916

"BLACKED OUT"

The Suppressed Story of Rasputin

By a British Commissioner

For more than a year, curious, sensational and at times scandalous rumors have gone to the outer world about a separate peace by Russia. These rumors have unfortunately been hung round the character of the Russian Empress, seemingly for no other reason than that she was German. Rasputin's part in the plots is here fully told.

THE long arm of the Russian censorship has reached America. We have seen a case ventilated in a New York law court during the last few days. That story purported to tell certain facts about Gregory Rasputin, the Russian monk, of somewhat unpleasant renown, who for the past three years has been a prominent figure at the Petrograd Imperial Court. Whether the story which was told by Rasputin's former friend and present enemy, the ex-priest, Sergius Michailoff Trufanoff, which has so far been prevented from seeing the light, was true cannot even be surmised. The probabilities are that it was colored by antipathies, and possibly by grievances. The present writer has no such feelings, but on the contrary has nothing but sentiments of affectionate regard for Russia and its people. I became interested in Rasputin during a stay in Russia last year, associated with the Red Cross, when visiting the various centers of warfare. During the stay, it was brought to my attention that the monk, Rasputin, was being discussed

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and condemned in several papers. Even the "Retch" and the "Viedomosti" did not hesitate to denounce him as a malign influence, and for a time their attacks passed unchecked. But reaction set in, and while the Russian press has since been muzzled, we have seen the recent successful attempt to silence a section of the press of this country with reference to the same person.

The Truth About the Rumors

But, after all, the story of Rasputin and his alleged influence in Court Circles in Russia is "*un secret de Polichinelle.*" Almost every one who reads the papers and discusses the war has heard about the mysterious monk who has been for some years a power behind the throne of the Romanoffs; and one of the first questions asked after my arrival in this country was whether Rasputin was the terrible power he was pictured, and what was the real secret of his Court influence. It seems to me, as a sincere friend of Russia, that the truth should be told. As one also who has a high respect for the Tsar as a man of sincerity and simplicity combined with force of character, and for his beautiful and sorely tried consort, it seems to me far better that the truth about Rasputin should be revealed to the world than that all sorts of over-colored lies should be disseminated.

During my stay in Russia I traveled in the neighborhood of fifteen thousand miles. I spent some weeks at Petrograd and Moscow. I was in Warsaw and other parts of Poland with General Sakharoff, in Galicia with Brusiloff and Radkow Dimitrieff, in the Caucasus with Judenitch, in Kieff, the Crimea, and Odessa; and finally I returned to Petrograd, by way of the Caspian Sea and the Volga, visiting all the important towns along the course of that great river.

The Monk's Rise

I thus heard the opinions of all classes, and everywhere and by almost every one I heard references to Rasputin. By some, especially the more ignorant people of Southern Rus-

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sia, whence he sprang, Rasputin seemed to be regarded as another Messiah. In the North Caucasus health resorts, such as Kislodvosk and Piatigorsk, where Rasputin had arrived in his upward progress, and where he met his subsequent principal patroness, a lady attached to the personal staff of the Tsaritsa, he was regarded as an arrant pretender. In the Capital and Moscow he was freely spoken of as a man of poor character, an undesirable influence in public affairs; and some of the most prominent statesmen in Russia were loudest in his denunciation for international reasons which I hope to make clear.

Rasputin's career, like that of the former railway official, Count Witte, is a proof that it is just as possible for a man to rise from the masses in Russia as it is in other countries. He is a peasant of the peasants, a mushik in appearance and speech. He is tall and loosely built, of sturdy frame, with a typical South Russian face, almost Tartar in fact, with high cheek bones, low forehead, a flat, coarse nose, a large, loose mouth, eyes so close together as to suggest a squint, long black beard and hair, rough and straggly, after the manner of both priesthood and peasantry. He is not the sort of man, one would think, to appeal to a sensitive and refined woman; nor is there a suggestion, save possibly in the minds of those who like to create evil rumors, that any woman of the nobility is attracted to him in other than his spiritual capacity. Ultimately, he reached the health resorts of the North Caucasus, where he took up his residence at large hotels, and thus gained as adherents a number of well-to-do women suffering from real or fancied ailments. Among these was Baroness Blank, a lady in waiting at the Court. Over her Rasputin gained a curious ascendancy, and it was through her that he ultimately obtained access to Court Circles. In this, he was assisted by an accident which had happened to the Tsarevitch, the heir to the Russian throne.

The Accident to the Prince

The young Tsarevitch, only son of the Emperor and

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Empress, whose birth had blessed their union after many years, when hope of a male heir to the throne was almost abandoned, had met with a terrible accident, which at one time threatened to leave him a hopeless cripple. That accident was maliciously misrepresented, and all sorts of scandalous stories were current with respect to it. The true story was told to me personally by one of the principal surgeons of the Imperial Court. The Tsarevitch, a high-spirited lad, was playing in a boat on the edge of a lake, trying to emulate his big Cossack attendant's method of pushing off from the water-side with his foot and then leaping on board. In doing this the boy fell, fracturing his thigh and rupturing himself severely. The consternation and grief of the parents were terrible, and after the resident physician had discovered the extent of the injuries, Dr. Wreden was called. The fracture was reduced, and the injured limb placed in a special splint, absolute quiet being ordered. But it was easier to command than to enforce restfulness with this boy. As the weary days passed, he cried and complained bitterly of being kept in one position; and, evading the guardianship of his mother and sisters, he one day managed to get out of bed and, falling heavily, re-fractured the injured limb. Again Dr. Wreden was called, and this time he ensured by mechanical means that the patient could not possibly move.

The Monk and the Prince

Meanwhile Baroness Blank had told the Court of the wonderful monk who had cured her of ailments when the waters of Narzan and Essentuky had been without effect, and she besought her royal patrons to call in Rasputin. Their Imperial Majesties, deeply religious and impressionable, eagerly seized at the prospect of a miraculous intervention in behalf of their much-loved son, and thus Rasputin reached the highest verge of his ambitions—the Court. He could not begin by interfering with the treatment of Dr. Wreden—that the royal parents would not allow, however much the boy might plead for release from the machine in

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which he was securely fixed. So Rasputin prayed and performed certain religious ceremonies over the illustrious patient, and he assured the Court that the Tsarevitch would recover, which he did. Thus it happened that Rasputin got the credit which really was due Dr. Wreden, who perhaps had made himself *persona non grata* by reason of his firmness. So Rasputin was installed at Court, and became a sort of confidant and spiritual adviser. And thus he gained quite an influence at the outset with the Tsar.

A Beggar on Horseback

Set a beggar on horseback and we know where he will ride. Rasputin was elated by the Court favor, and became almost insufferable to some of the officials, who recognized his character and arrogant pretensions. He was, however, wily enough to keep on the right side of the Court ladies, whom he sought and controlled by means, it is alleged, of that hypnotic influence previously referred to, combined in a few cases with such flattery and fawning servility as would appeal to the idle and vicious, who may be found in Court circles as elsewhere. While he had luxurious quarters at the palace, he took an expensive apartment in a fashionable quarter of Petrograd, where he held consultations and seances attended exclusively by women. This fact alone gave rise to extraordinary stories bruited abroad about Rasputin. A few papers in Petrograd had the hardihood to hint at these matters, but Rasputin's influence was usually sufficient to ensure their prompt suppression, while there were other papers under his control, or yielding to superior influences, which upheld him as a model of sanctity and a great miracle-worker. The question which agitated many minds was, which of the two statements was true—was Rasputin merely a bold charlatan, or a man of piety who was being cruelly maligned? I am bound to say that the vast preponderance of opinion in Petrograd was antagonistic to Rasputin.

An Authoress and Rasputin

Among my friends in the Russian capital is a brilliant

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authoress, whose name I cannot give. She was naturally interested in the rumors and reports about Rasputin, and he presented a personality which piqued her curiosity. Accordingly she attended one of his seances with a friend. Later, at a social affair, I asked whether she knew anything about the man. "We will not talk of him just now," she said hesitatingly. "There are people here tonight who are friendly at Court. But they are going soon, and we will continue the subject later."

My authoress friend, a handsome and distinguished looking woman, resumed our talk as she had promised, and told me that on the occasion of her visit, Rasputin had singled her out for special attention. He delivered a discourse which consisted of a long rhapsodical harangue, in which he aired nebulous sex-freak theories which have characterized the utterances of semi-self-hypnotized protagonists of other strange sects. Rasputin invited my friend to call, endeavoring as he spoke to fix her with the hypnotic gaze under which other women are said to have wilted away, but to which she was impervious and indifferent. At any rate she did not accept the monk's cordial invitation. Other women, she stated, flocked round the man, who was clad in a rich silken gown, his apartment being mysteriously lighted and heavy with the perfume of incense. This is the very testimony of one who visited Rasputin purposely to secure a pen portrait for future use, and who observed him with a critical eye.

German Plots

To return to Baroness Blank, that lady paid dearly for her friendship with Rasputin. Her husband became acquainted with the gossip of his wife's association with the man of whom all Russia was talking, and having personally chastised her, as Russian husbands, even of the highest class, are prone to do with their peccant wives, he forbade her to go to Court any more, and gave up his own position in the Imperial Council. This was prior to the outbreak of the War, but it does not seem to have affected Rasputin's social

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status, though when the fate of Europe was trembling in the balance, and for a little time afterwards, the monk was lost to view. On the outbreak of hostilities, a strongly pro-German element made itself felt in Court Circles. This was scarcely surprising. In the first place, the Tsaritsa is a German princess, daughter of the late Grand Duke of Hesse. Her sister is widow of the late Grand Duke Sergei, of infamous memory, who was assassinated when passing through the Kremlin gate at Moscow in 1906. The Grand Duchess is notoriously pro-German, and scandalized Moscow by establishing there a hospital exclusively for wounded German officers who had been taken prisoner, and to whom she ministered personally in a nurse's costume. For some time no attempt was made to intern the thousands of Germans caught in Russia on the outbreak of hostilities, and the Capital and Moscow, as well as other centers, became hotbeds of Teutonic intrigue. As time passed the scandal was too obvious, and some of the most flagrantly aggressive Teutons were arrested or deported. But it was impossible to purge the Court of these influences.

Rasputin a German Tool

Meanwhile, Rasputin, who had retained his dominance with the Court Circle, was regarded by those who were intriguing to secure a separate peace pact with Germany, as an emimently suitable tool, and clerical influences were also intruded by subterranean workers in Russia. At any rate, Rasputin was induced to use his influence in the direction of a separate peace with Germany, and the Empress, as a German princess, was disposed to give these suggestions a favorable ear. It is dangerous when inexperienced hands interfere in *la haute politique,* and information concerning these movements began to be whispered around Petrograd, and even reached foreign capitals. Accordingly, there was a round table conference of the Allied Powers, at which it was definitively agreed that no one of the belligerent nations should enter a separate peace, but that it should be a matter for agreement by all concerned. Thus Rasputin and those behind him were temporarily balked in their intrigues.

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The Grand Duke and the Monk

It is believed that Sazonoff was the first to enlighten the Entente as to what was going forward at Petrograd. Certainly he and Rasputin were at daggers drawn, the Monk even daring to flout and criticise the great Foreign Minister. He also crossed swords metaphorically with the Grand Duke Nicholas, at that time the most powerful man in Russia, who was in favor of pressing the war against the Teuton Powers with all the energy at the disposal of the Empire. The Tsar knew full well the extent of German aims and ambitions, and was fully convinced of the righteousness of the Russian cause. But he found himself tugged in different directions. There was the Empress and her intimate entourage, headed by Rasputin, on one side, pro-German, and working for peace. There was his mother, the Dowager Empress Marie Feodorovna—who incidentally would have nothing to do with Rasputin, and who, caught in Germany at the outbreak of the war, had been treated with gross indignity—on the other, and with her were the Grand Duke Nicholas Sazonoff, Bark, and other liberal and loyal ministers. Goremykin, the Prime Minister, and Sukhomlikoff, the War Minister—now in the fortress of St. Peter and Paul as a traitor—were additional powerful influences working on the side of Germany at the Court, which had become a seething mass of intrigue.

"Come and I'll Hang You"

But nothing seemed to diminish Rasputin's influence; and his arrogance increased with his rise. He was believed to be in receipt of large sums of money from foreign sources, and his extravagant style of living outside the precincts of the palace justified the belief. He made anti-war discourses in certain public places, or at any rate in quarters which would publish his remarks, and so insolent became his pretensions that he had the temerity to telegraph the Grand Duke at Grand Army Headquarters informing him that he was going down to preach a new crusade of mercy and forgiveness. The reply of the Grand Duke was curt and to the point. It was: "Come, and I'll hang you." Needless to

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say, Rasputin did not come, but he was profoundly indignant, and so it is said were the Court Circles, and to the intrigues which followed the famous telegram some are disposed to attribute the ultimate removal of the Grand Duke from the post of Commander in Chief. As a matter of fact that had quote another cause, which was to be found in the differences which arose between the Duke and his staff, notably General Alexieff, as to the plan of campaign following the series of reverses sustained by the Tsar's troops in the summer of 1915.

The Tsar Takes Command

Anyhow the Grand Duke resigned, and the assumption by the Tsar of the supreme command had a result which Rasputin may not have anticipated. His Majesty promptly left the Court for army headquarters, and has remained there ever since, with the result that he has been free from the intrigues by which he was previously pestered and bewildered. Nor did Rasputin venture to intrude on his Imperial Master amid his military surroundings. Possibly he remembered the Grand Duke's telegram, and believed that there were those at headquarters who had the will and the means to carry out the threat. But he remained at or near the Court, and continued his interference in state affairs—his attitude, it is said, being the direct cause of the resignation last July of Sazonoff, who had been such a faithful friend of the Allied cause, and the appointment of the recently deposed reactionary, Sturmer, in his place.

Trufanoff Pays His Respects to Rasputin

Rumor has from time to time revived the recollection of Rasputin, but he was almost out of the public mind of late until his one-time friend, the ex-priest Trufanoff, formerly Iliador, appeared in New York with his story. Certainly there was one legend, which obtained publication last May through the Overland News Agency, that Rasputin had been assassinated. This was based on information said to have been received direct from Petrograd, and it was not contra-

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dicted for some time. It was additionally alleged that the war party in Russia had caused the "removal" of Rasputin because of his strong advocacy of the cause of peace. Incidentally, it was pointed out that Count Witte had died suddenly and mysteriously when it became known that he was using his influence with the Tsar towards peace. Certain writers published articles lauding Rasputin as a martyr. They will therefore be relieved to learn that Rasputin is still alive, and that his influence has not appreciably diminished. He is still regarded as a marvelous and mystic personality. My latest advices are that he has discontinued his seances in Petrograd, because there are many men in that city who, for personal reasons, are thirsting for his scalp.

The Question of a Separate Peace

In the recent court proceedings in New York resulting from the suppression of the Priest Trufanoff's story, the statement was made that Rasputin was attempting to extract money from the British Government in return for exercising his influence to prevent Russia from making a separate peace with Germany. Of all the silly and improbable stories which have been told about Rasputin, probably this is the silliest and most improbable. He is a pretty queer lot undoubtedly, but he is no fool, and for him to attempt to enter into direct or indirect negotiations with the British authorities would be the acme of folly. It has been an unpleasant task even to hint of the charges so freely leveled at this man, but, having heard him so frequently discussed in various circles in Russia, I am convinced that very little more is to be told about him in print than what I have related. My object has been not so much to assail Rasputin, who might very well be left to oblivion, as to show by what means he reached the Court and became an influence. I also wish to make it clear that the pro-German intrigues in Russia are doomed to disappointment, and that the whole Empire was never more united that now in the determination to prosecute the War to a successful issue.

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THE WHITE ROAD TO VERDUN

KATHLEEN BURKE

AT the outbreak of hostilities, Kathleen Burke was in America on a holiday and witnessed the excitement on Broadway when it was known that England intended to enter the War. She landed in England the third week in August. Owing to her knowledge of languages she was at once employed officially for the work in connection with the Belgian Refugees. Miss Burke was in Termonde during the time of the German bombardment and left Ostend only a short time before the German occupation. Afterwards on a Hospital Commission, she went all over France, and later joined the Scottish Women's Hospitals as the organizing secretary of the London Units. By her eloquent appeals she raised nearly £10,000 in England for the Hospitals, and £13,000 in the United States and Canada. At Palm Beach, Florida, the Americans in response to Miss Burke's appeal gave £3,000 in twenty minutes. Miss Burke, who has spent some time in Serbia, was recently given by King Peter the Order of St. Sava. It is said that she is the youngest Knight of Serbia. France recently awarded to her the Order of the Golden Palms, naming her Officer de l'Instruction Publique.

We left Paris determined to undertake the journey to the Front in the true spirit of the French *poilu.*

When once past the " Wall of China," as the French authorities call the difficult approaches of the War Zone, Meaux was the first town of importance at which we stopped. We had an opportunity to sample the Army Bread, as the driver of a passing bread wagon flung a large round loaf into our motor.

The Bridge at Meaux, destroyed in the course of the German retreat, has not yet been entirely repaired. Beneath it rushes the Marne and the river sings in triumph, as it passes, that it is carrying away the soil that has been dese-

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crated by the steps of the invader and that day by day it is washing clean the land of France.

In the fields where the corn is standing the tiny crosses marking the last resting places of the men are entirely hidden, but where the grain has been gathered the graves stand out distinctly marked not only by a cross, but also by the tall bunches of corn which have been left growing on these small patches of holy ground. It has always been said that France has two harvests each year. Certainly in the fields of the Marne there is not only the harvest of bread—there is also springing up the harvest of security and peace.

The peasants as they point out the graves always add: "We of the people know that those men sacrificed their lives that our children might live. Those who have died in vain for an unjust cause may well envy the men of France who have poured out their blood for the benefit of humanity."

Looking on the crosses on the battlefield of the Marne I realized to the fullest extent the sacrifices, borne with such bravery, by the women of France.

Good Fellowship on Battle Fields

In the barracks, where they were cutting up bread for the prisoners, we asked the men if they regretted their captivity. They replied unanimously that they were "rather glad to be well fed." In all my travels through France I have never seen any bitterness shown towards prisoners. I remember once at Nevers we passed a group of German prisoners and amongst them was a wounded man who was lying in a small cart. A hand bag had fallen across his leg, and none of his comrades attempted to remove it. A French woman pushing her way between the guards, lifted it off and gave it to one of the Germans to carry. When the guards tried to remonstrate she replied simply: "I have a son who is a prisoner in their land; let us hope that some German woman will do as much for him."

Everywhere you hear accounts of brotherly love and religious tolerance. I remember kneeling once by the side of

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a dying French soldier, who was tenderly supported in the arms of a famous young Mohammedan surgeon, an Egyptian, who had taken his degree in Edinburgh and was now attached to the French Red Cross. The man's mind was wandering, and seeing a woman beside him he commenced to talk to me as to his betrothed. "This war cannot last always, little one, and when it is over we will buy a pig and a cow and we will go to the Curé, won't we?" Then in a lucid moment he realized that he was dying, and he commenced to pray, "Ave Maria, Ave Maria," but the poor tired brain could remember nothing more. He turned to me to continue, but I could no longer trust myself to speak and it was the Mohammedan who took up the prayer and continued it as the soldier followed with his lips until his soul passed into the valley of shadows. I think this story is only equalled in its broad tolerance by that of the Rabbi Bloch of Lyons, who was shot at the battle of the Aisne while holding a crucifix to the lips of a dying Christian soldier. The soldier priests of France have earned the love and respect of even the most irreligious of the poilus. They never hesitate to risk their lives, and have displayed sublime courage and devotion to their duty as priests and as soldiers. Behind the first line of trenches a soldier priest called suddenly to attend a dying comrade took a small dog he was nursing and handing it to one of the men simply remarked: "Take care of the little beast for me. I am going to a dangerous corner and do not want it killed."

All Men Heroes

I never see a hand grenade without thinking how difficult it is just now to be a hero in France. Every man is really a hero, and the men who have medals are almost ashamed since they know that nearly all their comrades merit them. It is especially difficult to be a hero in one's own family. One of the men in our Hospital at Royaumont had been in the trenches during an attack. A grenade thrown by one of the French soldiers struck the parapet and rebounded amongst the men. With that rapidity of thought which is

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part of the French character, Jules sat on the grenade and extinguished it. For this act of bravery, he was decorated by the French Government and wrote home to tell his wife. I found him sitting up in bed, gloomily reading her reply, and I enquired why he looked so glum. "Well Mademoiselle," he replied, "I wrote to my wife to tell her of my new honor and see what she says—'My dear Jules, we are not surprised you got a medal for sitting on a hand grenade. We have never known you to do anything else but sit down at home!'"

Devotion to Pets

The English Tommy is quite as devoted to animals as is his French brother. I remember crossing one bitter February day from Boulogne to Folkestone. Alongside the boat, on the quay at Boulogne, were lined up the men who had been granted leave. Arrayed in their shaggy fur coats they resembled little the smart British Tommy of Peace times. It was really wonderful how much they managed to conceal under those fur coats, or else the eye of the officer inspecting them was intentionally not too keen.

Up the gangway trooped the men and I noticed that two of them walked slowly and cautiously. The boat safely out of harbor one of them produced from his chest a large tabby cat, whilst the other placed a fine cock on the deck. It was a cock with the true Gaellic spirit and before the cat had time to consider the situation it had sprung on its back. The cat beat a hasty retreat into the arms of its protector, who replaced it under his coat. Once in safety, it stuck out its head and swore at the cock which, perched on a coil of rope, crowed victoriously.

Both creatures had been the companions of the men while in the trenches and they were bringing them home.

We were not yet really on the "White Road" to Verdun, and there was still much to be seen that delighted the eyes. In one yellow cornfield there appeared enormous poppies. On approaching, we discovered a detachment of Tirailleurs from Algiers, sitting in groups, and the "poppies"

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were the red fezes of the men—a gorgeous blending of crimson and gold. We threw a large box of cigarettes to them and were greeted with shouts of joy and thanks. The Tirailleurs are the "enfants terribles" of the French Army. One noble son of Africa, who was being treated in one of the hospitals, once presented me with an aluminum ring made from a piece of German shell. I asked him to make one for one of my comrades who was working at home, and he informed me that nothing would have given him greater pleasure but unfortunately he had no more aluminum. Later in the day, passing through the ward, I saw him surrounded by five or six Parisian ladies who were showering sweets, cigarettes, and flowers on him, while he was responding by presenting each of them with an aluminum ring. When they had left I went to him and told him "Mahmud, that was not kind. I asked you for a ring and you said you had no more aluminum." He smiled and his nurse, who was passing, added: "No, he had not *got* any more aluminum, but when he is better he will *get* 48 hours' punishment; he has been into the kitchen, stolen one of our best aluminum saucepans, and has been making souvenirs for the ladies." He made no attempt to justify his action beyond stating: "Moi, pas si mauvais, toi pas faux souvenir," ("I am not so bad, I did not attempt to give you a fake souvenir.")

Conquest by the Cooks

There is a tale going the round of the French Army how one section of the cooks although unarmed managed to take some twenty German prisoners. As they went on their way, they saw the Germans in the distance approaching them; the head cook quietly drew the field kitchens behind a clump of trees and bushes, placed his men in a row, each with a cooking utensil in his hand, and as the Germans passed shouted to them to surrender. The sun fell on the handles of the saucepans, causing them to shine like bayonets, and the Germans, taken unawares, laid down their arms. The head cook then stepped out and one by one took their rifles from the enemy and handed them to his men. It was only

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when he had disarmed the Germans and armed his comrades that he gave the signal for them to step out and the Germans saw that they had been taken by a ruse. One can imagine the joy of the French troops in the next village, when, with a soup ladle in his hand, his assistants armed with German rifles, followed by the soup kitchen and 20 prisoners—he marched in to report. It is curious to note how near humor is to tragedy in War, and how quick-wittedness may serve a useful purpose and even save lives. A young French medical student told me that he owed his life to the quick wit of the women of a village and the sense of humor of a Saxon officer. While passing from one hospital to another, he was captured by a small German patrol, and in spite of his papers, proving that he was attached to the Red Cross Service, he was tried as a spy and condemned to be shot. At the opening of his trial the women had been interested spectators; toward the end, all of them had vanished. He was placed against a barn door, the firing squad lined up, when from behind the hedge bordering a wood, the women began to bombard the soldiers with eggs. The aim was excellent, not one man escaped; the German officer laughed at the plight of his men and, in the brief respite accorded, the young man dashed toward the hedge and vanished in the undergrowth. The Germans fired a few shots but there was no organized attempt to follow him, probably because their own position was not too secure. He was loath to leave the women to face the music but they insisted that it was " pour la patrie " and that they were quite capable of taking care of themselves. Later he again visited the village and the women told him that beyond obliging them to clean the soldiers' clothes thoroughly, the German officer had inflicted no other punishment.

War-Scorched

From the time we left Revigny, until we had passed into the Champagne country, upon the return journey from Verdun, we no longer saw a green tree or a blade of green grass; we were now indeed upon the White road to Verdun. Owing

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to an exceptionally trying and dry summer the roads are thick with white dust. The continual passing of the camions, the splendid transport wagons of the French Army, carrying either food, munitions, or troops, has stirred up the dust and coated the fields, trees, and hedges with a thick layer of white. It is almost as painful to the eyes as the snow fields of the Alps.

I saw one horse that looked exactly like a plaster statuette. His master had scrubbed him down, but before he dried the white dust had settled on him everywhere. Naturally "humans" do not escape. By the time our party reached the Headquarters of General Pétain, we had joined the White Brigade. I excused myself to the General who smilingly replied—"Why complain, Mademoiselle, you are charming. Your hair is powdered like a Marquise." The contrast with what had been a black fur cap on what was now perfectly white hair justified his compliment.

I have never been renowned in my life for fear of any individual, but I must admit that I passed into the presence of General Pétain with a respect mounting almost to awe. The defence of Verdun through the bitter months of February and March by General Pétain, a defence which is now under the immediate control of his able lieutenants General Nivelle and General Dubois, has won the respect and admiration of the whole world. No one could have been more gracious than General Pétain, and in his presence one realized the strength and power of France. Throughout all the French Headquarters one is impressed by the perfect calm that reigns; no excitement—not even a paper on the Generals' desks—everything perfectly organized.

General Pétain asked me at once to tell him what I desired. I asked his permission to go to Rheims. He at once took up a paper which permitted me to enter the War Zone and endorsed it with the request to General Debeney in Rheims to allow me to penetrate with my companions into the city. He then turned to me again and asked me with a knowing smile if that was all I required—for his Headquarters were hardly on the direct road to Rheims! I hesitated

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to express my real wish, when my good counsellor and friend, with whom I was making the journey, the Commandant Jean de Pulligny, answered for me: "I feel sure it would be a great happiness and honor if you would allow us, General, to go to Verdun." General Pétain appeared slightly surprised and turning to me asked: "Do you thoroughly realize the danger? You have crossed the Atlantic and faced submarines, but you will risk more in five minutes in Verdun than in crossing the Atlantic a thousand times." However, seeing that I was really anxious to go, and that it might be of great service to me in my future work to have seen personally the defence of Verdun, he added smilingly: "Well, then you can go if you wish, at your own risk and peril." He then telephoned to General Nivelle the necessary permission for us to enter Verdun.

We lunched with General Pétain and his Etat Major. A charming and most interesting addition to the party was M. Forain, the famous French caricaturist, and now one of the Chief Instructors of the French Army in the art of *camouflage*—the art of making a thing look like anything in the world except what it is! He has established a series of schools all along the French front, where the *poilus* learn to bedeck their guns and thoroughly disguise them under delicate shades of green and yellow, with odd pink spots in order to relieve the monotony. Certainly the appearance of the guns of the present time would rejoice the heart and soul of the "Futurists." It was most interesting to hear him describe the work in detail and the rapidity with which his pupils learned the new art. For one real battery there are probably three or four false ones, beautiful wooden guns. It was M. Forain who coined the famous words: "There is no fear for the ultimate success of the Allies, if only the civilians hold out!"

It was strange to find there, within the sound of the guns—sometimes the glasses on the table danced to the music although no one took any notice of that—surrounded by men directing the operations of the war and of one of the greatest battles in History, how infrequently War was mentioned.

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Science, Philosophy, and the work of women were much more discussed. The men of France are taking deep interest in the splendid manner in which the women of all the different nations are responding to the call to service. I described to General Pétain the work of the Scottish Women's Hospitals. These magnificent Hospitals are organized and staffed entirely by women and started, in the first instance, by the Scottish Branch National Union of Women's Suffrage. He was deeply interested to learn that what had been before the War a political society, had, with that splendid spirit of patriotism which had from the first day of the war animated every man, woman, and child of Great Britain, drawn upon its funds and founded the Hospital Units. I explained to him that it was no longer a question of politics but simply a case of serving humanity and serving it to the best possible advantage. The National Union had realized that this was a time for concerted effort on the part of all women, for the benefit of the human race and the alleviation of suffering.

Woman's Work at the Front

General Pétain said, smiling, that before the War he had sometimes thought of women "as those who inspired the most beautiful ideas in men and prevented them from carrying them out"; but the War, he added, had certainly proved conclusively the value of women's work.

M. Forain expressed the desire to visit the chief French Hospital of the Scottish Women at the Abbaye de Royaumont. The General laughingly told him: "You do not realize how stern and devoted to duty these ladies are. I wonder if you would be permitted to visit them?"

While at coffee after lunch, the news came of the continued advance of the British troops. General Pétain turned to me and said: "You must indeed be proud in England of your new army; please tell your English people of our admiration of the magnificent effort of England. The raising and equipping of your giant Army in such a short time was indeed a colossal task. How well it was carried out all the world now knows and we are reaping the harvest."

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The General's Chief of Staff added: "Lord Kitchener was right when he said the War would last three years"—the first year preparation, the second year, defense, and the third year . . . cela sera rigolo—it will be huge sport." He quoted the phrase as Lord Kitchener's own.

After leaving the headquarters of General Pétain we were held up for some time at a level crossing and watched the busy little train puffing along, carrying towards Verdun stores and munitions and men. This level crossing had been the scene of active fighting; on each side were numerous graves, and the sentinels off duty were passing from one to the other picking a dead leaf or drawing a branch of trailing vine over the resting places of their comrades.

Above our heads circle "les guêpes," the wasps of the French Army. They had been aroused by the appearance of a Taube and were preparing to sting. However, deciding that discretion was the better part of valor, it turned and fled. It is unwise, though, to stir up the "wasps of France"; they followed it and later in the day we heard that it had been brought down near Verdun.

We were now in the center of activity of the Army defending Verdun. On every hand we saw artillery parks, ammunition parks, and regiments resting, while along the road a long line of "camions" passed unceasingly. During the whole length of my stay on the French Front I saw only one regiment marching. Everywhere the men are conveyed in the "camions," and are thus spared the fatigue which would otherwise be caused by the intense heat and the white dust. There are perhaps only two things that can in any way upset the perfect indifference to difficulties of the French trooper; he hates to walk, and he refuses to be deprived of his "pinard." The men of the French Army have named their red wine "pinard" just as they call water "la flotte," always, however, being careful to add that "la flotte" is excellent "for washing one's feet."

As we passed through the headquarters of General Nivelle, he sent down word to us not to wait to call on him then but to proceed at once to Verdun as later the passage

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would become more difficult. He kindly sent down to us one of the officers of his Staff to act as escort. The officer sat by our chauffeur, warning him of the dangerous spots in the road which the Germans had the habit of "watering" from time to time with "marmites," and ordering him to put on extra speed. Our speed along the road into Verdun averaged well over a mile a minute.

A City of Desolation

It would be useless to pretend that one entered Verdun without emotion—Verdun, sorely stricken, yet living, kept alive by the indomitable soul of the soldiers of France, while her wounds are daily treated and healed by the skill of her generals. A white city of desolation, scorched and battered, yet the brightest jewel in the crown of France's glory; a shining example to the world of the triumph of human resistance and the courage of men! A city of strange and cruel sounds! The short, sharp bark of the 75s, the boom of the death-dealing enemy guns, the shrieks of the shells and the fall of masonry parting from houses to which it had been attached for centuries, while from the shattered window frames the familiar sprite of the household looked ever for the children who did not come any more across the thresholds of the homes. Verdun is no longer a refuge for all that is good and beautiful and tender, and so the sounds of the voices of children and of birds have ceased to be heard. Both have flown; the children were evacuated with the civilians in the bitter months of February and March, and the birds, realizing that there is no secure place in which to nest, have deserted not only Verdun but the whole of the surrounding district.

We left the car and climbed through the ruined streets to the top of the citadel. No attempt has been made to remove any of the furniture or effects from the demolished houses. In those houses from which only the front had been blown away, the spoons and forks were in some instances still on the table, set ready for the meal that had been interrupted.

From windows, lace curtains and draperies hung out

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over the fronts of the houses. Everywhere shattered doors, broken cupboards, drawers thrown open where the inhabitants had endeavored to save some of their cherished belongings but had finally fled leaving all to the care of the soldiers, who protect the property of the inhabitants as carefully as if it were their own.

It would be difficult to find finer custodians. I was told that at Bobigny, near Bourget, there is on one of the houses the following inscription worthy of classical times: "The Proprietor of this house has gone to the War. He leaves this dwelling to the care of the French. Long live France." And he left the key in the lock. The soldiers billeted in the house read the inscription which met with their approval, and so far each regiment in passing has cleaned out the little dwelling and left it in perfect order.

In the Trenches

From the citadel we went down into the trenches which led to the lines at Thiaumont. The heat in the city was excessive but in the trenches it was delightfully cool, perhaps a little too cool. We heard the men make no complaints except that at times the life was a little monotonous! One man told me he was once in a trench that was occupied at the same time by the French and the Germans. There was nothing between them but sand bags and a thick wall of clay, and day and night the French watched that wall. One day a slight scratching was heard. The men prepared to face the crumbling of the barrier when through a small hole popped out the head of a brown rabbit. Down into the trench hopped Mrs. Bunny followed by two small bunnies, and although rabbit for lunch would have improved the menu, the men had not the heart to kill her. On the contrary, they fed her on their ration and at night-fall she departed followed by her progeny.

From all the dug-outs, heads appeared and the first movement of surprise at seeing a woman in the trenches turned to a smile of delight, since the poilu is at all times a chivalrous gentleman. One man was telling me of the mag-

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nificent work that had been accomplished by his "compagnie." I congratulated him and told him he must be happy to be in such a company. He swept off his iron casque, bowed almost to the ground, and answered: "Certainly I am happy in my company, Mademoiselle, but I am far happier in yours."

The subterranean galleries of the citadel of Verdun were constructed by Vauban, and are now a hive of activity —barbers' shops, sweet shops, boot shops, hospitals, anything and everything which goes to make up a small city. One of the young officers placed his "cell" at our disposal. The long galleries are all equipped with central heating and electric light and some of them have been divided off by wooden partitions or curtains like the dormitories in a large school. In the "cell" allocated to us we could see the loving touch of a woman's hand. Around the pillow on the small camp bed was a beautiful edging of Irish lace, and on the dressing-table a large bottle of eau-de-cologne. There is no reason to be too uncomfortable in Verdun when one has a good little wife to think of one and to send presents from time to time.

It would need the brush of Rembrandt to paint the dining-hall in the citadel of Verdun. At one long table in the dimly lighted vault sat between eighty and ninety officers who all rose, saluted, and cheered as we entered. The General sat at the head of the table surrounded by his staff, and behind him the faces of the cooks were lit up by the fires of the stoves. Some short distance to the rear was an air-shaft. It appears that about a week or a fortnight before our arrival a German shell, striking the top part of the citadel, dislodged some dust and gravel which fell down the air-shaft on the General's head. He simply called the attendants to him and asked for his table to be moved forward a yard, as he did not feel inclined to sit at table with his helmet on.

Dinner Amid Shells.

An excellent dinner—soup, roast mutton, fresh beans, salade Russe, dessert—and even champagne to celebrate the General's "cravate"—quite reassured us that people may

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die in Verdun of shells but not of hunger. We drank toasts to France, the Allies, and, silently, to the men of France who had died that we might live. I was asked to propose the health of the General and did it in English, knowing that he spoke English well. I told him the defenders of Verdun would live in our hearts and memories, that on behalf of the whole British race I felt I might convey to him congratulations on the honor paid to him by France. I assured him we had but one idea and one hope, the speedy victory of the Allied arms, and that personally my present desire was that every one of those present at table might live to see the flag of France waving once more over the whole of Alsace-Lorraine. They asked me to repeat a description of the flag of France which I gave first in Ottawa, so there, in the citadel of Verdun with a small French flag before me, I went back in spirit to Ottawa and remembered how I had spoken of the triumph of the flag of France: "The red, white, and blue—the red of the flag of France a little deeper hue than in time of peace since it was dyed with the blood of her sons, the blood in which a new history of France is being written, volume on volume, page on page, of deeds of heroism, some pages completed and signed, others where the pen has dropped from the faltering hands and which posterity must needs finish. The white of the flag of France, not quite so white as in time of peace since thousands of her sons had taken it in their hands and pressed it to their lips before they went forward to die for it, yet without stain, since in all the record of the War there is no blot on the escutcheon of France. And the blue of the flag of France, true blue, torn and tattered with the marks of the bullets and the shrapnel, yet unfurling proudly in the breeze while the very holes were patched by the blue of the sky, since surely Heaven stands behind the flag of France."

The men of Verdun were full of admiration for the glorious Commander of the Fort de Vaux. They told me that the Fort was held, or rather the ruins of the Fort, until the Germans were actually on the top and firing on the French beneath.

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I discussed with my neighbor the fact that the Germans had more hatred for us than for the French. He said the whole world would ridicule the Germans for the manner in which they had exploited the phrase "Gott strafe England," writing it even on the walls anywhere and everywhere. He added laughingly that it should not worry the English comrades. "When they read 'Gott strafe England' all they needed to reply was 'Ypres, Ypres, Hurrah!'"

He told me he had been stationed for some time with his regiment near the English troops, and there had been loud lamentations among the poilus because they had been obliged to say good-bye to their English comrades. He added that the affection was not entirely disinterested. The English comrades had excellent marmalade and jam and other good things which they shared with their French brothers who, while excellently well fed, do not indulge in these luxuries. He told me a delightful tale of a French cook who, seeing an English soldier standing by, began to question him as to his particular branch of the service, informing him that he himself had passed an exceedingly busy morning peeling potatoes and cleaning up the pots and pans. After considerable conversation he inquired of the English comrade what he did for his living. "Oh," replied the Englishman, "I get my living fairly easily, nothing half so strenuous as peeling potatoes. I am just a colonel."

Tommy in Action

The clean-shaven Tommy is the beloved of all France. I remember seeing one gallant khaki knight carrying the market basket of a French maiden and repaying himself out of her store of apples. I regret to say his pockets bulged suspiciously. While at a level crossing near by, the old lady in charge of the gate had an escort of Tommies who urged her to let the train "rip." This was somewhat ironical in view of the fact that the top speed in that part of the War zone was probably seldom more than ten miles an hour.

Tommy is never alone. The children have learned that he loves their company and he is always surrounded by an

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escort of youthful admirers. The children like to rummage in his pockets for souvenirs. He must spend quite a good deal of his pay purchasing sweets so that they may not be disappointed. I remember seeing one Tommy, sitting in the dusty road with a large pot of marmalade between his legs dealing out spoonfuls with perfect justice and impartiality to a circle of youngsters. He speaks to them of his own little "nippers" at home and they in turn tell him of their father who is fighting, of their mother who now works in the fields, and of baby who is fearfully ignorant, does not know the difference between the French and the "Engleesch" and who insisted on calling the great English General who had stayed at their farm "Papa." It matters little that they cannot understand each other, and it does not in the least prevent them from holding lengthy conversations.

We crept out of the city, but unfortunately at one of the dangerous cross-roads, our chauffeur mistook the route. A heavy bombardment was taking place and the French were replying. We were lucky enough to get on to the route and into safety before any shell fell near us. It appears that the Germans systematically bombard the roads at night hoping to destroy the camions bringing up the food for the city, fresh munitions and men. We slept that night at Bar-le-Duc and next morning saw the various ambulances and hospitals which the Service de Santé had particularly requested me to visit. I was impressed by the splendid organization of the Red Cross even quite close to the firing line.

Passing through one tent hospital an Algerian called out to me: "Ohé, la blonde, viens ici! J'ai quelque chose de beau à te montrer." ("Come here, fair girl, I have something pretty to show you.")

He was sitting up in bed, and, as I approached, unbuttoned his bed-jacket and insisted on my examining the tag of his vest on which was written, "Leader, London." The vest had come in a parcel of goods from the London Committee of the French Red Cross, and I only wished that the angel of goodness and tenderness who is the Présidente of the Croix Rouge, and all her able lieutenants, could have seen

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the pleasure on the face of this swarthy defender of France. In the next bed, was a Senegalais who endeavored to attract my attention by keeping up a running compliment to my compatriots, my King, and myself. He must have chanted fifty times: "Vive les English, Georges, et toi!" He continued even after I had rewarded him with some cigarettes. The Senegalais and the Algerians are really great children, especially when they are wounded. I have seen convalescent Senegalais and Algerians in Paris spend hours in the Champs Elysées watching the entertainment at the open-air marionette theatre. The antics of the dolls kept them amused. They are admitted to the enclosure free, and there is no longer any room for the children who frequented the show in happier days. These latter form a disconsolate circle on the outside, while the younger ones, who do not suffer from color prejudice, scramble on to the knees of the black soldiers.

Letters

At one of the Hospitals, beside the bed of a dying man, sat a little old man writing letters. They told me that before the war he had owned the most flourishing wine shop in the village. He had fled before the approach of the German troops, but later returned to his village and installed himself in the hospital as scribe. He wrote from morning until night and watching him stretching his lean old hands, I asked him if he suffered much pain from writer's cramp. He looked at me almost reproachfully before answering: "Madamoiselle it is the least I can do for my country, besides my pain is so slight and that of the comrades is so great. I am proud, indeed proud, that at sixty-seven years of age, I am not useless." At one hospital I was shown a copy of the last letter dictated by a young French officer, and I asked to be allowed to copy it—it was certainly a letter of a "chic" type.

Dear Godfather and Godmother,

I am writing to you so as not to kill Mother, whom such a shock would surprise too much. I was wounded on the . . . at . . . I have two terrible wounds and I cannot last

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long. The surgeons do not even attempt to conceal this from me. I go without regret, with the consciousness of having done my duty. Kindly break the news to my parents the best way you can; they should not attempt to come because they would not have time to reach me before the end.

Farewell to all you whom I have loved.

LONG LIVE FRANCE!

While loving his relatives tenderly, the last thought of the dying Frenchman is for his country. Each one dies as a hero, yet not one realizes it. It would be impossible to show greater simplicity; they salute the flag for the last time and that is all.

From Triaucourt we went straight to the headquarters of General Nivelle. They had just brought him the maps rectified to mark the French advance. The advance had been made while we were standing on the terrace at Verdun the night before. We had seen the rockets sent up, requesting a "tir de barrage" (curtain of fire). The 75s had replied at once and the French had been able to carry out the operation.

At lunch, General Nivelle and the members of his staff asked many questions as to the work of the Scottish Women's Hospitals. I told them that what appealed to us most in our French patients was the perfect discipline and the gratitude of the men. We are all women in the hospitals, and the men might take advantage of this fact to show want of discipline, but we never had to complain of lack of obedience. These soldiers of France may some of them before the War have been just rough peasants, eating, drinking, and sleeping, even having thoughts not akin to knighthood; but now, through the ordeal of blood and fire, each one of them has won his spurs and come out a chivalrous knight, and they bring their chivalry right into the hospitals with them. We had also learned to love them for their kindness to one another. When new wounded are brought in and the lights are low in the hospital wards, cautiously watching if the Nurse is looking (luckily Nurses have a way of not seeing everything) one of the convalescents will creep from his bed to the

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side of the new arrival and ask the inevitable question: "D'ou viens-tu?" (Where do you come from?)

"I come from Toulouse," replies the man.

"Ah," says tne enquirer, "my wife's grandmother had a cousin who lived near Toulouse."

That is quite a sufficient basis for a friendship; the convalescent sits by the bedside of his new comrade, holding the man's hand while his wounds are being dressed, telling him he knows of the pain, that he too, has suffered, and that soon all will be well.

The Greatness of the Fighters

Lions to fight, ever ready to answer the call of their country, yet these men of France are tender and gentle. In one hospital through which I passed there was a baby. It was a military hospital, and no civilian had any right there, but the medical officers who inspected the hospital were remarkably blind—none of them could ever see the baby. One of the soldiers passing through a bombarded village saw a little body lying in the mud, and although he believed the child to be dead he stooped down and picked it up. At the evacuating station the baby and the soldier were sent to the hospital together; the doctors operated upon the baby and took a piece of shrapnel from its back, and once well and strong it constituted itself lord and master and king of all it surveyed. When it woke in the morning it would call "Papa" and twenty fathers answered to its call. All the pent-up love of the men for their own little ones from whom they had been parted for so long they lavished on the tiny stranger, but all his affection and his whole heart belonged to the rough miner soldier who had brought him in. As the shadows fell one saw the man walking up and down the ward with the child in his arms, crooning the Marseillaise until the tired little eyes closed. He had obtained permission from the authorities to adopt the child, as the parents could not be found, and remarked humorously:—"Mademoiselle, it is so convenient to have a family without the trouble of being married!"

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What we must remember is that the rough soldier, himself blinded with blood and mud, uncertain whether he could ever reach a point of safety, yet had time to stoop and pick that little flower of France and save it from being crushed beneath the cannon wheels. I told General Nivelle that the hospital staff intended to keep the child for the soldier until the end of the War and we all hoped that he might grow up to the glory of France and to the eternal honor of the tender-hearted fighter who had rescued him.

After lunch we stood for some time watching the unending stream of camions proceeding into Verdun. I believe it has been stated that on the average one passed through the village every fifteen seconds, and that there are something like twelve thousand motor vehicles used in the defense of Verdun. The splendid condition of the roads and the absence of all confusion in the handling of this immense volume of traffic is a great tribute to the organizing genius of the chiefs of the French Army.

We left General Nivelle, as General Petain predicted we should find him—smiling. We slept that night at Epernay in the heart of the Champagne district. The soil of France is doing its best to keep the vines in perfect condition and to provide a good vintage to be drunk later in celebrating the victory of France and her Allies. The keeping of the roads in good condition is necessary for the rapid carrying out of operations on the Front, and a "marmite" hole is promptly filled, if by a lucky shot the German batteries happen to tear up the roadway. We were proceeding casually along one road when a young officer rode up to us and told us to put on speed because we were under fire from a German battery which daily landed one or two shells in that particular portion of the roadway. It is wonderful how obedient one becomes at times! We promptly proceeded to hasten. After visiting General Debency and obtaining from him the necessary authorization and an officer escort, we entered Rheims.

The Ruined Cathedral

The cathedral is now the home of pigeons, and as they fly in and out of the blackened window-frames, small pieces

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of the stained glass tinkle down onto the floor. The custodian of the cathedral told us that during the night of terror the German wounded, lying in the cathedral, not realizing the strength and beauty of the French character under adversity, feared, seeing the cathedral in flames, that the populace might wreak vengeance on them, and that it was exceedingly difficult to get them to leave the cathedral. Many of the prisoners fled into corners and hid, and some of them even penetrated into the palace of the Archbishop which was in flames. All the world knows and admires the bravery of the curé of the cathedral, M. Landrieux, who took upon himself the defense of the prisoners, for fear insults might be hurled at them. He knowingly risked his life, but when, next day, some of his confrères endeavored to praise him he replied: "My friends, I never before realized how easy it was to die."

One of the churches in the city was heavily draped in black, and I asked the sacristan if they had prepared for the funeral of a prominent citizen. He told me that they were that day bringing home the body of a young man of high birth of the neighborhood, but that it was not for him that the church was decked in mourning. The draperies had hung there since August, 1914—"Since every son of Rheims who is brought home is as noble as the one who comes today, and alas! nearly every day brings us one of our children."

The Lady "75"

We went later to call on the "75," *chez elle*. Madame was in a particularly comfortable home which had been prepared for her and where she was safe from the inquisitive eyes of the Taubes. The men of the battery were sitting round their gun, singing a somewhat lengthy ditty, each verse ending with a declamation and a description of the beauty of "la belle Suzanne." I asked them to whom Suzanne belonged and where the fair damsel resided. "Oh," they replied, "we have no time to think of damsels called 'Suzanne' now. This is our Suzanne," and the speaker af-

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fectionately gave an extra rub with his coat sleeve to the barrel of the "75."

By a wonderful system of trench work it is possible for the gunner, in case of necessity, to take refuge in the champagne vaults in the surrounding district, and it is in the champagne vaults that the children go daily to school, with their little gas masks hanging in bags on their arms. It appears that at first the tiny ones were frightened of the masks, but they soon asked, like their elders, to be given a sack and now one and all have learnt at the least alarm to put on their masks. There is no need to tell the children to hurry home. They realize that it is not wise to loiter in the streets for fear of the whistling shells. They are remarkably plucky, these small men and women of France.

During one furious bombardment the children were safe in the vaults but one small citizen began to cry bitterly. He was reproached by his comrades for cowardice, but he replied indignantly: "I fear nothing for myself. I am safe here, but there is no cellar to our house, and oh, what will happen to the little mother?" The teacher reassured him by telling him that his mother would certainly take refuge in somebody else's cellar.

At his headquarters, next morning, I had the honor of being received by the Generalissimo Joffre and telling him of the admiration and respect we felt for him and for the magnificent fighting spirit of the troops under his able command. He replied modestly by speaking of the British Army. He referred to the offensive on the Somme, and said: "You may well be proud of your young soldiers. They are excellent, much superior to the Germans in every way, a most admirable infantry. They attack the Germans hand to hand with grenades or with the bayonet and push them back everywhere. The Germans have been absolutely *stupefied* to find such troops before them." The General then paid a tribute to the Canadian and Australian troops and told me Australians had that day taken new territory, adding: "And not only have they taken it but like their British and Canadian brothers, what they take they will hold."

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In case this narrative should fall into the hands of any woman who has spent her time working for the men at the front, I would like to tell her the great pleasure it is to them to receive parcels, no matter what they contain. Fraternity and equality reign supreme in the trenches, and the man counts himself happy who receives a little more than the others, since he has the joy and the pleasure of sharing his store of good things with his comrades. There is seldom a request made to the French behind the lines that they do not attempt to fulfill. I remember last winter, passing through a town in the provinces. I noticed that the elderly men appeared to be scantily clad in spite of the bitterness of the weather. It appeared that the call had gone forth for fur coats for the troops, and all the worthy citizens of the town forwarded to the trenches their caracul coats. Only those who are well acquainted with French provincial life can know what it means to them to part with these signs of opulence and commercial success.

It is perhaps in the Post Offices that you find yourself nearest to the heart of "France behind the lines." One morning I endeavored to send a parcel to a French soldier. I took my place in a long line of waiting women bound on the same errand. A white haired woman before me gave the Post Office clerk infinite trouble. They are not renowned for their patience and I marvelled at his gentleness until he explained: "Her son died five weeks ago; but she still continues to send him parcels."

To another old lady, he pointed out that she had written two numbers on the parcel. "You don't want two numbers, Mother. Which is your boy's number? Tell me and I will strike out the other."

"Leave them both," she answered. "Who knows whether my dear lad will be there to receive the parcel. If he is not, I want it to go to some other mother's son."

Affection means much to these men who are suffering and they respond at once to any sympathy shown to them. One man informed us with pride that when he left his native village he was "decked like an altar of the Blessed Virgin on

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the first of May." In other words, covered with flowers. There are but few lonely soldiers now, since those who have no families to write to them receive letters and parcels from the godmothers who have adopted them. The men anxiously await the news of their adopted relatives and spend hours writing replies. They love to receive letters, but needless to say a parcel is even more welcome.

All for the Motherland—France

I remember seeing one man writing page after page. I suggested to him that he must have a particularly charming godmother. "Mademoiselle," he replied, "I have no time for a godmother since I myself am a godfather." He then explained that far away in his village there was a young assistant in his shop, "And God knows the boy loves France, but both his lungs are touched, so they won't take him; but I write and tell him that the good God has given me strength for two, that I fight for him and for myself, and that we are both doing well for France."

I went back in imagination to the village. I could see the glint in the boy's eyes and realized how the blood pulsed quicker through his veins at the sight of, not the personal pronoun "I" in the singular, but the plural "We are doing well for France." For one glorious moment, he was part of the hosts of France and in spirit serving his Motherland. It is that spirit of the French nation that their enemies will never understand.

On one occasion a young German officer, covered with mud from head to foot, was brought before one of the French Generals. He had been taken fighting cleanly, and the General was anxious to show him kindness. He asked him if he would not prefer to wash himself before examination. The young German drew himself up and replied: "Look at me, General. I am covered from head to foot with mud, and that mud is the soil of France—you will never possess as much soil in Germany." The General turned to him with that gentle courtesy which marks the higher commands in France and answered: "Monsieur, we may never possess as much

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soil in Germany, but there is something that you will never possess, and, until you conquer it, you cannot vanquish France—and that is the spirit of the French people."

The French find it difficult to understand the arrogance which appears ingrained in the German character and which existed before the War.

I read once that in the Guest Book of a French Hotel, a Teutonic visitor wrote:

"L'Allemagne est la premiere nation du monde."

The next French visitor merely added:

"Yes. 'Allemagne is the first country of the world'—if we take them in alphabetical order."

I left the war zone with an increased respect, if this were possible, for the men of France. They have altered their uniforms; but the spirit is unchanged. They are no longer in the red and blue of the old days, but in shades of green, grey, and blue—colors blending to form one mighty ocean, wave on wave of patriotism, beating against and wearing down the rocks of military preparedness of 40 years, and as no man has yet been able to say to the Ocean stop, so no man shall cry "Halt" to the Armies of France.

I have spoken much of the men of France, but the women have also earned our respect—those splendid peasant women, who even in times of peace worked, and now carry a double burden on their shoulders—the middle-class women, endeavoring to keep together the little business built up by the man with years of toil, stinting themselves to save 5 francs to send a parcel to the man at the front that he may not suspect there is not still every comfort in the little homestead—the noble women of France, who in past years could not be seen before noon, since my lady was at her toilette, and who can be seen now, their hands scratched and bleeding, kneeling on the floors of the hospitals scrubbing, proud and happy to take their part in national service. The men owe much of their courage to the attitude of the women who stand behind them, turning their tears to smiles to urge their men to even greater deeds of heroism.

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In one of our hospitals was a young lad of 17 who had managed to enlist as an "engagé volontaire" by exaggerating his age. His old Mother came to visit him, and she told me he was the last of her three sons. The two elder ones had died the first week of the war at Pont-Mousson, and her little home had been burned to the ground. The boy had spent his time inventing new and terrible methods of dealing with the enemy, but with his Mother he became a child again and tenderly patted the old face. Seeing the lad in his Mother's arms, and forgetting for one moment the spirit of the French nation, I asked her if she would not be glad if her boy was so wounded that she might take him home. She was only an old peasant woman, but her eyes flashed, her cheeks burned with anger, and turning to me she said: "Mademoiselle, how dare you say such a thing to me? If all the Mothers and Wives and Sweethearts thought as you what would happen to the country? Gustave has only one thing to do, get well quickly and fight for Mother France."

Because these women of France have sent their men forth to die, eyes dry, with stiff lips and head erect, do not think that they do not mourn for them. When night casts her kindly mantle of darkness over all, when they are hidden from the eyes of the world, it is then that the proud heads droop and are bent upon their arms, as the women cry out in the bitterness of their souls for the men who have gone from them. Yet they realize that behind them stands the greatest Mother of all, Mother France, who sees coming toward her, from all frontiers, line on line of ambulances with their burden of suffering humanity, yet watches along other routes her sons going forth in thousands, laughter in their eyes, songs on their lips, ready and willing to die for her. France draws her tattered and bloodstained robe around her, yet what matters the outer raiment? Behind it shines forth her glorious, exultant soul, and she lifts up her head rejoicing and proclaims to the world that when she appealed, man, woman, and child—the whole of the French nation answered to her call.

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WHY WAS FRANK LYNCHED

Was It Race Hatred, Dirty Politics, Yellow Journalism?

By a Public Man of Georgia

"THE people gave and the people have taken away," paraphased poor, broken-hearted Nat E. Harris, Governor of Georgia, on the morning of September 13, last. The returns of the primary election of the day before, bringing the knowledge of defeat, so crushed him that he could say no more to the reporters. It would have been nearer the truth had he said:

"Tom Watson gave and Tom Watson has taken away."

It was the support of Thomas E. Watson, who is known in Georgia as "Tom" Watson, that made Harris, an old Confederate veteran with a long and honorable record of service to his State and people, Governor. It was the opposition of the same Watson that caused him to be denied the coveted approval of re-election.

The Boss in American Elections

A political boss is no great oddity, but one of the Watson type is more than an oddity—it furnishes an argument against democracy. This country has known no other like him, unless Kearny of sand-lot fame. In the French Revolution there were many; and the forces which they propelled invariably swept them to the guillotine. Watson, however, has a quality of talent bordering on genius. But for the self hypnotized vaporings of his later years, he might today rank with the leading authors of America.

Watson is a Populist, so far as he belongs to any party. For thirty years he has styled himself the arch-enemy and opponent of the Democratic party. He has denounced that party and its leaders, for all the crimes known to the political decalogue. Yet he dominates Georgia politics through the machinery of the Democratic party—and this alone. Moreover, he is a boss probably without wanting to be one and maintains and perpetuates his power by violating every rule

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of the political game. He rarely supports the same man twice, and more rarely finds reasons for commending the official conduct of any he elevates to office. Personally, he is probably the most unpopular man in Georgia. In his home county those he opposes regularly win. Barring those who are mesmerized by his sophistry, few believe in him or profess respect—not even those who permit him to use them. Nine out of ten Georgians you meet casually will deny that he has any influence with them; most of them will express open antagonism toward him. They deceive themselves as election results show. Many thousands worship him as they would a saint and follow him blindly as they would a god.

Watson, of course, does not say who shall fill all the offices, or always compel those in office to do his bidding—few bosses are so omnipotent as that. But he does more than make and unmake Governors. In the late election, he elevated a lieutenant to the Commissionership of Agriculture, an office more powerful politically than that of Governor because it controls nearly all the State patronage. He has recalled able Congressmen from Washington and put weaker ones in their places, and occasionally dictated as to filling minor city offices with which he had nothing directly to do, as when he caused the defeat of a splendid young man seeking to be re-elected municipal judge in the City of Macon. *He has made it virtually impossible for a Roman Catholic or a Jew to be elected to office anywhere in the State.* Not long ago, the only man who has ever downed him successfully, Thomas W. Hardwick, now United States Senator, found it necessary to advertise that there was no Catholic connected with his campaign headquarters—all because of the religious prejudice Watson has aroused.

Manipulation the Secret of His Power

Why this influence? Why the conditions that make it possible? It's a long story—a story of importance in the annals of popular government.

Let me say, as a Georgian whose people have lived in that State for 150 years and fought for it when fighting was

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needed, that there is no finer American stock in all this land than that which inhabits the lowlands and hills and mountains of that great State. None can boast a purer American blood, and none have clung more firmly to the traditions which gave the nation birth. They are individualistic as probably nowhere else, except perhaps in the Carolinas, in this country. Therefore, they are peculiarly sensitive and, in many respects, provincial. There are good people and bad people there, as elsewhere, and they are moved by the same inherent virtues and frailties as people everywhere.

Taken all in all, Georgia has come nearest of all the States to furnishing an example of pure democracy. Before the term " commission government " was heard of, executive power was administered in Georgia by a commission. A hundred years before the word " recall " found a place in political nomenclature, the people of Georgia were employing the principle, and its legislature was urging the amendment of the Federal Constitution so that it might be applied to United States Senators.

After the Civil War ended and its immediate problems had been solved, the best minds turned to business. Men who otherwise would have been great constructive political leaders found in the tremendous industrial awakening of the last forty years a more attractive field for service. The big men have been building railroads, organizing banks, opening up the vast mineral wealth, and developing farming. The State has had and still has many big men; but the political questions havn't been of enough importance to lure them to complete public service or to arouse their full capacities for political leadership.

The politics of the State were left largely in the hands of second-rate men who found sufficient reward in the small honors of office. The men who should have held office and conducted the State's politics found the problems of private life more important and the rewards more attractive.

There was another and most important development—the awakening of the people. The Civil War freed the so-

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called poor whites more than it did the negroes. As they gradually emerged from the lethargy of the old order, as the public school grew among them, they became politically as well as socially conscious and self-assertive. In the old Farmers' Alliance this class found the first means for concerted self-expression. It came along in the late eighties and early nineties.

Thomas E. Watson, then a young lawyer who had arisen from poverty—but, as he boasts, of aristocratic origin which a true blue never boasts—whom hardship had saturated with all the pent-up fever of the poor whites, caught the spirit of the movement, rode its tide, and became its chief exponent. He was elected to Congress on a Farmers' Alliance platform but as a Democrat as all Georgia Congressmen then were and now are elected. He and others visioned a great third party growing out of the Alliance and kindred movements. So in Congress he raised the standard of Populism. Watson was floor leader for the new party, and won some passing notoriety by giving currency to the phrase, "Where am I at?" He did not originate the phrase as is often stated. He narrowly escaped expulsion for charges made in connection with the phrase. To do him full credit here, I might add that while in Congress Watson introduced and caused to be passed the first bill providing for rural free delivery of mail.

The Price of Party Loyalty

There is no such thing, in the true sense, as party government in Georgia; and there was none at the time of which I write. The Democratic party, by which the controlling political machinery is known, is nothing in State affairs but a paper organization of white voters—and this has been true since the Republicans quit chasing the will o' the wisp of victory there. The Democratic party in that State stands for nothing, practically, except the exclusion of negroes from public affairs. It makes only conventional pretense of adhering to the various principles in the party's national creed. Though a majority of its members would probably be Democrats elsewhere, few of them ever think of the issues when

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they vote the party ticket, because they would vote it anyhow. It is a white man's party and nothing more.

It is an unwritten law that white men shall keep within the party—must, if they expect to receive political office or honors. Within the party, a man may advocate anything he pleases, barring certain phases of the race question, and still run no risk of losing his credentials. He may denounce the party itself and its leaders and advocate the principles of another party and yet remain a Democrat. But let him once jump the bars and become the exponent of another party and though he may voice every demand of current opinion he will stand no chance at the polls—he will be a political self-expatriate.

When the young and attractive Watson, who had been picked as a "comer," brazenly bolted his party and headed a revolt against tradition, a mighty furore went up, back there in the early nineties. He was denounced as a traitor to his people and as false to his obligations. Some of it was justified and some of it was not. A majority of the voters in Watson's district, peopled largely by small farmers, undoubtedly approved his course. At one time close to a majority of the white voters of the State were with him.

Counting the Electorate

But the brains and the wealth and the power to prevail were never with him. The best thought of the State regarded him as a renegade to be cut down by means fair or foul—and they found it necessary to employ means largely foul. Methods used twenty years before to rid the State of carpet-baggers were revived to suppress Watson and Populism. One city polled votes aggregating half its population. Negroes came back into political glory, were welcomed with open arms by both sides, and were herded and voted like sheep. Watson appealed to the negroes to make common cause with the poor and lower middle class whites but, as a rule, they made cause with the biggest campaign chest. In late years he has raved at mention of the negroes, playing on the race prejudices of the whites from every possible angle.

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Watson tried to get back into Congress as a Populist, but he found an insurmountable barrier in the only city his district encompassed. He controlled the rural districts but the well-marshaled city vote and the well-stuffed city ballot boxes outdid the country Populists and Watson was forced to remain at home. He tried in several elections and the treatment he received at the hands of the so-called "city politicians" left him sour and bitter as well as defeated.

In 1896 he was the nominee of the National Populist convention for Vice-President, Bryan being endorsed for President. The subsequent muddle made Watson more or less ridiculous, and wrecked his party organization in Georgia. Disgusted and embittered, he renounced politics, returned to the practice of law, and began his serious literary work. He made money and invested it wisely and soon was a man of wealth. Opinion in Georgia mellowed towards him. He became the toast of the culture and intelligence of the State, and was often referred to as its most distinguished citizen.

But in 1904 he deserted calm seclusion and, with one leap, re-entered politics, making an opera bouffe race for President on the Populist ticket. Though at no time did his candidacy threaten the ascendency of the Democratic party in Georgia, it re-opened the old wounds and revived much of the old bitterness.

The time came, in 1906, to make Clark Howell, editor of the *Atlanta Constitution,* Governor. It was part of a program made years before and there seemed no obstacle in the way of fulfilment. Then the inner politicians fell out among themselves. Newspaper rivalry probably led to the split. Those controlling the *Atlanta Journal* decided that their paper's chief competitor shouldn't scoop the governorship. There were other causes natural and artificial; but journalistic jealousy was the prime one. So the *Journal* promoted the candidacy of Hoke Smith, one time Secretary of the Interior under Cleveland. Smith had been a regular of regulars, a conservative of conservatives, a machine politician from tip to toe. But there was an old feud between

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the Smith and Howell families and this was so used on Smith that he was persuaded to lead the revolt against the machine.

All Sides on Their Knees to Watson

Then all sides began making eyes at Watson whom they had just been denouncing in concert. The Howell faction was covert in their overtures, the Smith faction open with theirs. Watson finally espoused the Smith cause, accomplished Smith's election and thus made himself arbiter of the State's politics. Smith's campaign was pitched largely on the old Populist anti-corporation propaganda, with "negro disfranchisement" added. It marked the beginning of a new era in the politics and public of the State.

Watson won for Smith merely by telling his followers to go into the Democratic primary and vote for Smith, though he made no professions to being a Democrat himself—and advised his followers to make none. Smith had hardly warmed the gubernatorial chair before Watson quarreled with him. In the next primary, he led a revolt against Smith, espousing the cause of Joseph M. Brown, an old line Democrat, and, upsetting a fixed precedent of the party which guaranteed each governor a second term, accomplished Smith's defeat. Watson quickly cooled towards Brown and in the next election by supporting Smith again, but negatively, caused Brown's defeat. He once more fell out with Smith and during the succeeding six years has exhausted the language of invective and expletive and vulgarity in denouncing Smith, accusing him of all kinds of personal as well as official misconduct, to which Smith has never answered. When in 1911 Smith persuaded the Legislature to make Smith United States Senator, Watson again espoused the cause of Brown for the unexpired gubernatorial term and put his former favorite into the office—doing so distinctly and purposely as a "slap at Smith."

Watson supported Slaton in 1912, but Slaton alone of all who have been Governor of Georgia in the last ten years probably would have won over Watson's opposition; for he received a majority of something like 50,000.

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But the "Mad Mullah of Georgia Politics" as he has been named by his steady opponent and critic, Thomas W. Loyless, of the *Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle,* fell out with Slaton, as he falls out with everybody, and caused Slaton to be defeated for United States Senator in 1914. In the same year Watson caused the elevation of the present Governor, Nat. E. Harris, whom, a few weeks ago, he defeated.

This tiresome story of political see-sawing, I will admit, seems too fantastic to be true, but, having participated in much of it, I have endeavored to understate rather than overstate it. What I have written are but the "highlights" in one of the most interesting, albeit tragic, examples of "democracy gone wild" this country has known.

Anti-Catholic Crusade

Recently Watson began his anti-Catholic agitation, first proposed as a critical history of the Catholic church, later degenerating into hysterical personal attacks on such church dignitaries as the Pope and Cardinal Gibbons, finally becoming excessively abusive of everything and everybody connected with Catholicism. In addition, he pursued a line of violent propaganda against the foreign mission policies of the protestant churches. Up to this time, whatever lack of scruple he may have shown in argument, he still had to his credit the custom of employing decent language. Now he began to take metaphors from the sewer, and to use words rarely employed in the man-to-man conversations of refined men—circulating matter so obscene that the Government had to take notice, and he was indicted in the United States Court for misusing the privileges of the mails.

Despite his vagaries, the newspapers had respected his talent. Now they quietly outlawed him, never quoted him, and referred to him only when the "news interest" in his doings compelled, or when campaign exigencies obscured their sense of proportion. There was no agreed movement among them, but there was an unspoken understanding among the best that by ignoring they would neutralize his influence.

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Backs Underwood

In 1912 Watson "came back" with the most dramatic feat of his career. Taking advantage of the rivalry among the leading Democrats, he espoused the cause of Oscar Underwood for the Presidential nomination and carried the presidential primary for the Alabaman. If I mistake not, he was the "original Underwood man;" anyway Underwood's victory in Georgia was most distinctly a Watson victory. Watson was so keen over this evidence of his dominance in State politics that he announced he must be one of the State's delegation to Baltimore. It had been all right to let this Populist settle their primary fights, but to send this avowed enemy of the Democratic party, this perpetual bolter, as the party's representative to its National Convention was another matter. Those who believed some party dignity should be maintained protested. Watson made a spectacular journey through the country to Atlanta and, surrounded by courtiers and armed guardsmen and backed by a horde of his followers, went on the convention floor and forced his election as a delegate at large. He not only forced them to name him a delegate but by a mere trick of clever diplomacy was kept from making himself chairman of the delegation!

Rides to Fame on a Lyncher's Rope

This was too much! Practically all sides agreed they had undergone enough of Watson, and Watsonism declined to the verge of extinction. Then the Frank case developed —that fearful tragedy which produced and perpetuated a condition closely related to anarchy. That case furnished Watson the cue and means not only for re-establishing his declining power but for raising himself to a dominant supremacy that enables him to wave defiance at government itself.

Frank Sacrificed to Circulation

The true story of the Frank case has never been written and will not be attempted here. For months, it was used for what amounted to a circulation contest by the Atlanta news-

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papers. No rumor was too thin to find room in some one of the hundreds of black-headed, screaming "extras" they turned out, all teeming with half-baked information concerning the Mary Phagan murder and the alleged murderer. And, inasmuch as a race question has become identified with that case, let me remark in passing that all the early "news copy" relating to it passed through the hands of Jews. The managing editors of two newspapers and the city editor of a third all were Jews.

"These newspapers, with their fool extras filled with rumors, caused it all," declared an editorial executive in the organization which controls one of the publications, following a careful investigation on the spot, after the populace had determined to handle the case.

"And that d—— little sheet of ours was the worst offender of all," he added.

The "little sheet" of which he spoke nearly doubled its circulation during the four months following the murder of the little Phagan girl, and boasted of it as a great journalistic achievement.

The yellow-journal methods employed in reporting the pre-trial developments and the trial, together with the endless word-of-mouth gossip concerning Frank and revolving around imaginary things which idle scandal said the "papers couldn't print" caused the multitude in Atlanta and most of Georgia to become indelibly of the opinion that the young Jew was guilty.

Blunders of the poor fellow's friends led the public to believe that the Jews had determined to save Frank by the sheer money power. This aroused a spirit of antagonism and opposition which caused reason to flee. According to the sworn statement of a friend and supporter and withal a man of excellent character, Thomas E. Watson knew and declared that Frank couldn't get a fair trial in Atlanta. "Why Rosser and Arnold (Frank's attorneys) are bigger fools than I thought they were," Watson said in conversation with this man, "for risking their client's neck in Atlanta where there is so much excitement and public sentiment so

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overwhelming against him. He (Frank) has as much chance for his life as a snowball in hell. It is like trying a young rat before an old cat and her litter of kittens."

Trial by Yellow Journalism

Yet when the *Atlanta Journal* realized that a "judicial murder" was about to be committed and urged a new trial for Frank, Watson took its plea as excuse for championing the anti-Frank side. Outside agitation of the case, from the pro-Frank viewpoint, gave color to Watson's pretense of "defending the State's good name," "protecting the courts," and "appealing for a little factory girl against a rich Jew."

In his violent propaganda against Frank he made appeal to all the passions and prejudices of the crowd. Ever a masterful mob psychologist, a student and historian of the French Revolution, he overlooked no trick of the demagogue in turning suspicions of the crowd into fixed conclusions of a biased public.

Though his weekly paper leaped from ten to fifty thousand circulation, Watson posed as a martyr who was sacrificing himself for the glorious people and their rights—the particular "right" at issue being the hanging of an unfortunate young man being ground to bits between a nether millstone of unwise friends and an upper millstone of sinister politics.

Watson produced all the vague "rumors" as evidence and warped the testimony of the trial to suit his purpose. Weekly he described the poor dead girl's body and even paraded descriptions of her soiled underclothing before the public and played on the medical phases of the case, employing every available emphasis to make report and suspicion appear as facts,—which was like waving a red rag before a bull. His paper was hawked on the streets of the cities more noisily than were the daily newspapers. Many who had no confidence in him began reading it and, hypnotized by his artful sophistries, began to accept as inspired gospel every word he wrote. He pursued the subject for a year with vio-

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lence barely less than incendiary, and whipped the public into a condition of hysteria that made many think the mild-mannered, intelligent Frank a monster beyond the pale of humankind and brought Frank's friends under suspicion.

One daily newspaper raised its voice against the orgie of misrepresentation, lost 15 per cent of its circulation, and rejoined the others in their refuge of silence.

Slaton was Warned by Mob

Naturally riots followed the action of Governor Slaton commuting Frank's sentence, no sensible person expecting otherwise. Slaton himself knew there would be demonstrations from the mob—he had been so advised by representatives of the mob, one of whom was Watson himself.

Watson sent a messenger to Slaton and offered his continuous support in return for the hanging of Frank. Though the bribe would have meant the realization of Slaton's dearest ambition—a place in the United States Senate—it was spurned.

Watson openly advocated the lynching of Frank and commended and defended the mob which attacked Governor Slaton's home, in such words as, " When mobs are no longer possible liberty will be dead." He defended the mob which later lynched Frank, calling them " vigilantes."

The writer saw intelligent men fight their way to newsboys and pay from twenty-five to fifty cents a copy for the first issue of Watson's paper following the lynching of the prisoner. He saw cultured looking women lean from fine automobiles and purchase copies and ride away smiling over Watson's screams of delight in the act of a squad of big husky men taking a half-dead, helpless human being, undressed, over a hundred miles of country roads and then hanging him to a tree.

Parenthetically, let me say that I happen to know that Leo M. Frank died as gamely as he spent those two dreary years in the Atlanta prison. So calmly did he accept his fate and so firmly did he refuse offers of his life in return for a " confession " that at least one of his self-appointed execu-

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tioners mutinied, urged that Frank be returned to prison and refused to take part in the final scene of the drama.

Southern Chivalry Cowed

Watson did more—from the Southern viewpoint—than urge and condone mob attacks on an official and lynchings. He dragged into the realm of his vitriolic slime the name of Mrs. John M. Slaton, as fair a specimen of gentle Southern womanhood as ever caused poet to rave or cavalier to fight. He nick-named her "Chief Justice Sally," lugged her family into his denunciations, and made of her private sorrows a subject of sarcastic comment. I say it in shame that not a scabbard was emptied in defense and scarce a voice was raised in protest in that fine Southern land where the unwritten law presumes to make the name and dignity of woman sacred. So hypnotized was the multitude, such a condition of seething hysteria prevailed, that even boasted Southern chivalry was cowed into inaction.

Finally, when the time approached for the former Governor and Mrs. Slaton to return to Georgia, following their trip West, a conference was held by some score of representative citizens to discuss the situation. In the conference were city officials, bankers, leading merchants—all men of influence, character and power. Most of them were close personal friends of the Slatons, and time out of time had been entertained in the Slaton home. To the shame of the proud spirit of Atlanta, which they assumed to represent, they resolved that Governor and Mrs. Slaton should not return to their home as they planned but should remain away "for the good of the city and State." Their reason was that Slaton would probably be killed or humiliated and therefore the city and State would be disgraced in the eyes of the world. Not one suggested that they should demand his return and prepare to make it safe. But they sent him a petition, advising that, as an act of patriotism, he should postpone his and his wife's return. All because Watson was urging in every issue of his paper that "Slaton be treated as the Colonists would have treated Benedict Arnold," should he have the "effrontery" to return home.

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Fortunately a few loyal friends took a different view, told Slaton to return and prepared to protect him even at the point of death.

Courage at Last

Finally, to his great credit be it said, Thomas W. Loyless, editor of the *Augusta Chronicle,* broke the almost unanimous silence of the daily newspapers and for several weeks devoted most of his entire paper to refuting the Watson clamor. His example aroused some individuals, but the other daily newspapers refused to join in and Watson went ahead as usual, cutting and slashing like a demon.

Attorney General Gregory, after careful investigation, decided and announced that Watson had violated the law barring obscene matter from the mails in some of his anti-Frank propaganda. An indictment based on his anti-Catholic propaganda was pending against Watson and had been pending for two or three years. There had been one mistrial. The Attorney General stated that he doubted seriously if Watson could be convicted in Georgia, no matter how guilty, and let it be known that he thought of having Watson indicted and tried in another State. On Watson's demand the Georgia delegation went in a body to the Department of Justice and protested against the proposed action. He made even the aged Governor of Georgia, whom he has just rewarded by defeating him, go to Washington and protest. He went much further. He emerged from his personal seclusion and made a speech in his home town. In that speech he defied the United States Government to take him out of Georgia, and virtually threatened insurrection if it tried.

As the recent Georgia primary election demonstrated, Watson is more strongly entrenched than ever. The average politician there will pretend indifference toward him, but, with limited exceptions every time an official or office-seeker opens his mouth to speak he first asks himself, " What will Tom Watson say? " They fear him as a political adder, filled with poison and utterly reckless in striking. And behind him is that vague, unmeasurable, indefinable thing—the only thing Napoleon Bonaparte ever feared—the mob—

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and in that "mob," but not for all purposes, many thousands of deluded Georgians, as demonstrated by the recent primary election.

What has Watson gained? Nothing. Few legislative enactments may be credited to him, for what he advocates usually is impracticable or visionary. Recently, however, he forced the State legislature to enact a law requiring grand juries to investigate convents. There wasn't a legislator who didn't know that the act was an unnecessary insult to a small and estimable portion of the State's citizenry. Yet Watson has so fanned the embers of religious bigotry and prejudice that many of those who had the manhood to oppose his ridiculous measure were defeated for re-election in the succeeding primary.

His days and nights bring him unending terror. He is ever haunted by the delusion that somebody wants to assassinate him. He never leaves his home except on compulsion and never rides on a railroad train. He resides in a fine mansion and in his intimate life affects all the airs of a man of wealth and culture. He is inclined to the grandiose, and forces those who deal with him to treat him as if he were lord of a manor. His place is guarded like that of a king, and even his friends find difficulty in getting to him.

He has lost the fine oratorical talent he once possessed, no longer can command the sparkling sense of humor that once brightened his conversation and lightened his writings. He has been and is a scourge to his State, hindering its development, impeding its progress, lowering its standing in the galaxy of States, and causing its people to be woefully misjudged. And the melancholy phase of it is that he once possessed talents which, if properly directed, could have reflected immense glory on his people and contributed mightily to progress and enlightenment.

Frank Murdered by Yellow Journalism

A word, in conclusion, on the Frank case.

Leo M. Frank was innocent of the crime for which he was convicted and for which he was lynched. There were

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suspicious circumstances—some so odd that it is hard to believe that such coincidences would have "just happened." But when you analyze the facts as developed, the reasoning mind can reach but one conclusion, which is that it was impossible for Frank to have committed the crime.

Practically every lawyer of repute in Georgia who took the trouble to read the testimony so believes, including two of the partners of the prosecuting attorney. I witnessed scenes of the trial; in the language of Judge P. H. Brewster, senior member of the prosecutor's law-firm, "the populace gathered in the streets about the place the trial was conducted, often in great numbers, giving manifestations in unmistakable utterances of the universal sentiment, "Hang him!" A Superior Court Judge of great probity and intelligence came into my office two days before the verdict was rendered. Said he to me:

"I haven't followed the testimony but you may rest assured that there will be a conviction." "Why?" I asked.

"The crowd," he replied. "It is as certain as scripture." At the same time one of the prosecutors told me that the best they looked for was a mis-trial.

It is hard to indicate the extent and the intensity of the feeling that existed and which did not abate, largely because Watson caught it at the zenith and stimulated it weekly with unanswered harangues prepared with all the cleverness of a successful criminal lawyer and the skill of a master of English.

In all my experience and all my reading I have never known of a more sublimely courageous act than that of John M. Slaton in refusing to permit Frank to be hanged. He performed a service for government, for liberty, for humanity—despite the fact that Frank was finally put to death by a mob—of incalculable value. Yet Slaton today is a living martyr. Those who evinced so much interest in Frank alive, apparently lost all interest in truth with Frank dead. The man who stood between the law and the mob is allowed to eat his heart away in that "political obscurity" which he predicted would be his reward.

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TAGORE AND INDIA'S MESSAGE

PAUL MORRIS

IN India, the course of human life has long since found its level and everything moves calmly and deliberately, just as it did a thousand years ago; and, no doubt, just as it will a thousand years hence. British conquerors and numberless Occidentals, who would force European religion and culture upon the Orient have tried without avail to turn it from its accustomed tranquil channels. But from time to time the smouldering fires of past unrest burn uneasily, and occasionally they burst into temporary flames. For 3000 years India has guarded its culture within its own boundaries, though travelers have carried away impressions; but now, of its own volition, it has begun to scatter its doctrines broadcast over the Western world. Missionaries are being sent *from* India as well as *to* India. Apparently the points at issue are purely artistic. Western converts are being wooed through the delights of poetry and music. But in reality there is a far deeper significance to the movement. Indian art and Indian religion are inseparable. The whole system of Hindu religion and philosophy are being carried at first hand to the Western world.

With the translation of the poetry of Rabindranath Tagore into English by the author himself, which resulted in his being awarded the Nobel Prize for Idealistic Poetry in 1913, the Indian advance movement took its start. Indian decorative art, in a rather superficial transcribed form, had already been introduced into Europe through the works of various Russians and in particular through the scenic decorations of Leon Bakst. Paul Manship and other sculptors had reflected the Hindu spirit in their statuary. Theosophy, to which the public seems to have taken a recent fancy, had been teaching some of the doctrines of Hindu philosophy.

In these troubled, restless times there are many persons who feel the lack of tranquillity and who resent the ceaseless struggle for existence which is being made very difficult by

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artificially created wants. No doubt, many believe that European civilization in its mad rush to develop a race of supermen has gone beyond the limits of reason. To all of these the poetry of Tagore comes as a relief. Not anti-Christian or anti-Western, in a supplementary rather than an antagonistic manner, it presents an outlook on life which is so old that it seems new. Tagore not only interprets the Orient for the Occident, but antiquity for the present generation. He carries his readers away from the every-day world into a world of unreality.

He has lived most of his life in the open, among the hills and on the rivers of Bengal. Much of his poetry was written on a houseboat on the river Gorai where he spent several years as superintendent of a farm owned by his father. Yet he has always kept in close touch with human beings of all classes. In contrast with the city-made poetry of the West, his writings exhale the atmosphere of the great outdoors. They recall the mysterious beauty of star-lit heavens, while our poets are apt to reflect the glaring " white lights " of city streets. Reading his books of poems, " The Gardener," and " Gitanjali," his plays, " Chitra," " The King of the Dark Chamber," and " The Post Office," or his short stories, a feeling of serenity steals over the reader. The continual striving for riches and power which are always creeping, intentionally or unintentionally, into our poetry, are forgotten.

In his youth, " the poet of Bengal " wrote poems of passionate love. Later he turned his attention to religion, philosophy, and educational matters. The scope of his interests, as shown in his works, is remarkable. The novelty of his outlook on life, has caught the fancy of the Western world. Unknown in America four years ago, he is today considered by many to be the greatest living poet. From the viewpoint of Christianity there seems to be a confusing of human and divine love in his writings. In the eyes of the Hindu there is no such thing as profane love. It is all divine, and in consequence, it is not uncommon to find in Indian poetry that love of man for God and man for woman are con-

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founded. The same mingling of emotions or of different phases of the same emotion can be found in the Songs of Solomon in the Old Testament. In their love of nature, in their piety, in their passionate Oriental appeal, Tagore's songs are more like the Psalms than any recent writings.

Imaginative poetry has been read so little in the West in recent years that, except perhaps, among the Latin races, the greatest literary men have turned to writing prose. Tagore's books, however, are not only read but re-read. To the Western reader they are, more than anything else, an appeal for a simple life—but not the sort of simple life over which our poets dream. It is of a spiritual rather than a material existence that Tagore writes. Modern European life is retarding spiritual progress, he believes. Crowded cities, tall office buildings, hard pavements, and business efficiency which turns men into machines—are steps in the wrong direction. He prefers his own slow-moving, fanciful, self-searching mode of life to all the comforts and conveniences of Europe.

Though his writings are so artistic and so full of meaning that they appeal to the educated classes, in his native Bengal, he is primarily a poet of the people. Poetry in India is seldom written without accompanying music and in consequence he has composed musical settings for most of his poems. His songs of love and devotion are sung by boatmen on the rivers and laborers in the fields, by crowds in the cities and by priests in the temples. In America he seems to be the poet of business men who are depressed by the heartlessness of commercial life, of artists who have become weary of the materialistic tendencies of the times, and of those of all classes who feel that the obvious things of every-day life are not all-satisfying.

For an overdose of poetry about matter-of-fact people, short stories of business life, magazine covers painted from life, statues carved to show life in its ordinary rather than in its idealistic phases, and plays so full of realism that nothing is left to the imagination, there is no better antidote than Tagore.

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Fully to comprehend Indian art, one must realize that, in the eyes of the Hindu, art and religion are closely related. An artist is not looked upon as a creator. He merely reveals things which always have existed. His power lies in his ability to look into his own mind, to find divinely sent thoughts there and to transcribe them so that less gifted mortals may see or hear them. His mission is to interpret God for the world. The idea that God is everywhere, in nature, in human beings, in the world beyond, permeates Indian literature.

Many Christian sects look askance at anything that savors of art, barring only the Bible which is the very essence of poetry. The music used at religious meetings, also, is often the cheapest and most trivial that can be found; many of the poems to which hymn tunes are set lack dignity and breadth of thought; and the architecture and interior decorations of numerous churches are decidedly inartistic. A glimpse at almost any modern art gallery, a perusal of a list of the best English and Continental European books, and a familiarity with the best music will offer convincing proof that Western art is secular rather than religious. But, on the contrary, like the early Italian painters who spent the best years of their lives decorating the interiors of cathedrals, Hindu artists have selected religious subjects for their most precious works.

Although every art of India has a religious significance, the one which is held to be most sacred is music. Around it hovers an atmosphere of mystery, of reverence, and, to a certain extent, of superstition. Many legends are associated with its origin, and most of them refer to some divinity coming to earth to present humanity with the gift of song.

The popular Western idea of Oriental music includes loud drum-beating, shrill-sounding reed instruments, discordant noises, wild-dancing girls, suggestions of sensuousness—in fact, all that stands for unrest and crude nervous excitement. No doubt such music exists in the East, but as the least refined of our musical products, rag-time, in Europe is called American music, so we call the coarsest, but most

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colorful Eastern product, Oriental music. Real Indian music is very different. "Our singers sing of the starlit night and the radiant glow of gold embroidered dawn," writes Tagore, "as they also sing of the universal pangs of separation felt in rainy July and the consuming ecstasy of spring in its youth." In all music there is nothing that suggests the idea of immortality so surely or that tinges the every-day world with a feeling of unnaturalness so mysteriously as some of the simple Hindu songs. Like an echo from an invisible world they express feelings that lie too deep for words. In fact, the words are often of secondary importance. One feels them rather than hears them. The music itself expresses the spirit of the song.

In Europe the singing of a song and the personality of the singer are important, but in India the music is the predominant factor. And Hindu music is a highly developed art. Some of the classical songs are 3000 years old and few of them date back less than 1000 years. These songs contain only a thread of melody and are not dependent upon words or upon harmony as are the art songs of the West. The accompaniment is usually played upon a tamboura, a stringed instrument of inlaid wood, shaped something like a banjo, upon which is produced only one chord, in reality incomplete, but so full of overtones that it sounds full.

Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Hugo Wolf, the four greatest European masters of song, have often discarded melody for the sake of words. To illustrate the words, note by note, either through melody, harmony, or figures in the accompaniment is the Western rule. While the West has been developing a complicated system of harmony and instrumentation, the East has been advancing solely along melodic lines and in comparison with Western vocal melody, the advancement has been truly remarkable.

Music to the Hindu is not a form of entertainment, but a religious manifestation, a God-given source of inspiration. His songs have been guarded in a few families and in the temples. Even the Occidental residents of India know little of their exquisite charm. It is only natural that they should

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be all but unknown in Europe and America. Soon, however, they will sound familiar to Western ears.

Following in the footsteps of Tagore, a singer has come out of India and with her she has brought songs that exhale the magic of the East. She is called Ratan Devi. An Englishwoman by birth, she is the wife of Dr. Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, India's leading art critic, and by years of study and association with Indian musicians she has absorbed not only the technique, but the spirit of their music. Soon after the beginning of the War she returned to England to cast her spell upon the British public. Now she is in America where she has been giving recitals of strangely fascinating Hindu music in true Indian style without tempering it in the least to suit Western customs.

Seated cross-legged upon the floor, dressed modestly but richly in Oriental fashion for one of her recitals, Ratan Devi seems to be an Oriental herself. As she emerges from behind deep purple curtains to sing her songs, the lights are dimmed; the smell of incense flutters through the room; there is a hush in the audience. Seemingly unconscious of her hearers, she strikes a chord on a tamboura which she holds in one hand, letting the base rest in her lap. The chord is repeated again and again, incessantly, producing a sound like a low buzzing drone. She closes her eyes and softly the music comes from her lips. Her body sways and the free arm with gracefully curling fingers follows the complicated rhythm. Prayers, she sings, and love songs. From a short verse of three or four lines a whole song is woven. The more she becomes immersed in the music the less attention she gives to words. She seems to lose herself in her singing, to forget the audience, yet to carry it with her wherever the songs lead. Though the words sound indistinct, the music is felt. There is an intimacy between the hearer and the music. The effect is gripping, mysterious, enchanting. It is like a Hindu temple transplanted in a New York theatre.

"Listening to Ratan Devi," said Tagore on first becoming acquainted with her singing in London, "I felt more clearly than ever that our music is the music of cosmic emo-

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tion. It deals not primarily with the drama of the vicissitudes of human life. It does not give emphasis to the social enjoyments of men. In fact, in all our festivities the business of our music seems to be to bring to the heart of the crowded gathering the sense of the solitude and vastness that surround us on all sides. It is never its function to provide fuel for the flame of our gaiety, but to temper it and add to it a quality of depth and detachment. Our raginas of springtide and rains, of midnight and daybreak have the profound pathos of the all-pervading intimacy, yet the immense aloofness of Nature. Ratan Devi sang an alap in Kanhra, and I forgot for the moment that I was in a London drawing-room. My mind got itself transported in the magnificence of an Eastern night, with its darkness, transparent, yet unfathomable, like the eyes of an Indian maiden, and I seemed to be standing alone in the depth of its stillness and stars."

How different this is from the average American song recital! To exploit personal charms and personal art and in some cases clothes is the ambition of the average idol of our concert stage. The voice, the manner of singing, the personality of the singer, count for more than the music. Individual interpretations and eccentricities of manner are often cultivated at the expense of the music. With the Indian singer self-effacement rather than self-exploitation is the rule. He or she (most Hindu singers are men) approaches music reverently as something which must not be desecrated. The mystery of life, of nature and of the whole universe are contained therein. These things are not to be treated with triviality.

Classic Indian songs are called ragas, which translated means passions. One raga contains only one passion, thought, or emotion. In Western music a large number of ideas may be expressed in a single composition.

There are ragas to express joy, love, grandeur, beauty, fear, bravery, and the emotions caused by various other natural phenomena. There are ragas to express rain and fire. When rain is needed, its raga is sung and when the necessity for fire arises its raga is interpreted. At no other

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times can they be heard. Every hour of the day and every season of the year have their ragas and never are they sung except at their proper time. Perhaps there is some superstition in this practice of prohibiting the performance of music except at certain times, but it is an insurance against hearing any one thing too frequently. The Hindu never tires of his songs. Certain European compositions such as Schubert's Serenade, Rubinstein's Melodie in F, Mendelssohn's Wedding March, and the Meditation from "Thaïs"—all excellent music—have lost much of their charm from being overplayed. Then too, this restriction does away with the Western habit of re-arranging, often to the extent of vulgarizing, the best music for use in restaurants, dance halls, moving picture theatres, and street parades.

In India, music must be appropriate as well as beautiful. The raga, "A Beliag," fascinating if sung on a calm moonlight night, has a discordant sound in the brightness of morning and "An Ag-Saori" which thrills amid the splendors of daybreak, loses its power at night. The music sung during the early hours of the day is slow and dreamy; at noon it is brilliant and pitched high, and at night it is restful and plaintive.

Indian music glides smoothly from note to note. There are no abrupt contrasts. To the Oriental our music with its sudden pauses and syncopated time seems jerky. They say it is "full of holes." We demand variety while the Indian musician relies more upon soothing qualities than novelty for his effects.

The classic songs of India are not sung by the whole race. There is a musician caste and it alone preserves and sings them. There are no amateur performers. Except for the professional caste, all are listeners. This is at variance with the American viewpoint. *Here everyone wishes to be a performer.* Unless one plays an instrument or sings well, he generally has no appreciation of music. The art of listening is not cultivated for its own sake, as it is in India where the body of performing musicians is confined to one caste. The ancestors of these professionals for generations back

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were musicians and there is no way for them to change their caste. From childhood music is their chief concern. Nothing is permitted to interfere with their studies. When they come of age they are pensioned by the Government.

Instrumental music is seldom played for its own sake in the Orient. Its purpose is to accompany dancing and thus its predominating characteristic is rhythm. Drumming has reached a high state of development in India, but the orchestra as we know it, the piano and the string quartet, have no Oriental counterparts. Music in the East is primarily vocal. Like the other arts, dancing often has a religious significance as will be noted in the following extract from an essay on Indian Music by Dr. Coomaraswamy in which he describes the nearest approach to a Western concert:

" You have gone to a musical party," he writes, " a wedding at the house of a friend. You are seated with many others on a cotton carpet, and before you is a band of drummers, oboists, and players of the vina and tamboura. A Brahman drums on an earthen pot. A slender girl of sixteen sits demurely on the floor, dressed in silk brocade and golden chains, her feet and arms uncovered, and flowers in her hair. Her mother is seated near, back against the wall; she it is who trained the girl and now she watches proudly. The only sounds are those of the four strings of the ivory-inlaid tamboura and the tapping of drums.

" As you are waiting for the music to begin, a man with untidy hair and a saffron robe comes in and your host gives him eager welcome, laying a white cloth on a stool for him to sit upon. All know him well—he is a sannyasi who wanders from temple to temple, preaching little but singing the hymns of Manikka Vasagar. As he sits silent, all eyes are turned toward him and conversation drops to a whisper. Presently he sings some hymn of passionate adoration of Siva. His voice is thin, but very sweet, melting the heart. His gentle, strong personality holds every listener spellbound. Soon he rises, smiles at the musicians, speaks a few moments with your host, and so goes away.

" And then you forget for a time this dreamer, in the

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beauty of the dance and the clamor of the drums. But you never weary of the dance; there is eternal wonder in the perfect refinement of its grace and the mutual concentration needed to control each muscle so completely; for this is not the passionate posturing born of a passing moment, but the elaborated art of 3000 years, an art that deceives you by its seeming simplicity, but in reality idealizes every passion, human and divine; for it tells of the intensity of Radha's love for Krishna. Radha was the leader of the herd-girls in Brindaban and she, more than any, realized the depth and the sweetness of the love of Krishna. Wonderful was the love of Radha; in the absolute surrender of the human soul in her to the Divine in Krishna is summed up all love."

To explain in detail the technical difference between Indian and European music would require more space than is available here. Briefly, there are twenty-two separate tones to the Indian octave and twelve to the European. In the latter the intervals are all equal, whereas in the former they are not. However, the most important tones of the two systems coincide, or very nearly, so that many ragas seem to conform to the Western scale. Variations of melody undreamt of in Europe or America are made possible by the Indian scale. Present-day music in the West depends to a great extent upon harmony and orchestration which in the East are considered to be of small importance. In place of the ever-changing accompaniment which our composers employ, the monotonous drone of the tamboura suffices the Hindu and undoubtedly it produces an effect that is irresistibly beautiful when coupled with a characteristic Hindu song which seems to be complete in itself without an elaborate accompaniment..

All Indian music has been handed down to the present generation from mouth to mouth. No way of recording it on paper has as yet been devised, though it is possible, through slight changes, to force some ragas to come within the limits of our five-line staff. Indian singers must be able to improvise skilfully. Only the bare outlines of their ancient melodies have been preserved. Upon these they

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weave variations in complicated patterns. The art of the Hindu singer depends less upon beauty of voice than upon skill in improvising.

To discuss the relative merits of Eastern and Western music would be useless. They cannot be judged from the same standards. While both started from primitive melody of a somewhat similar nature, the West has expanded in many directions, while the East has sought perfection in just one line. The music of Europe is far more comprehensive, far more thrilling, far more complex. Yet in its efforts to expand it seems to have caught many barnacles. It is rapidly developing side-lights that are incomprehensible except to trained musicians. A large volume of tone, fullness of harmonies, variety in every direction possible, and novelty at any cost are things for which composers are striving, often at the expense of beauty.

In Europe today, descriptive music, imitative of the sounds of nature and the work-a-day world is attracting undue attention. Strauss, the most skillful writer of this style of music in his latest work, " The Alpine Symphony," tries to picture in orchestral tones, the baa-ing of lambs, the twittering of birds, the tinkling of sheep bells, and the whistling of the wind through a mountain crag. Igor Stravinsky, the most promising composer of the Russian school, in his ballet " Pétrouchka " uses bass-viols to describe the growling of a bear and with wood wind instruments imitates an out-of-tune hand-organ. In his opera " The Nightingale " he gives an orchestral imitation of the croaking of frogs. Leaders of musical thought in France and England seem also to be hypnotized by the pragmatic idea. Another variety of music, which might be termed " Midnight Oil " music, is becoming too popular in Europe and America. It appeals to the intellect rather than to the senses. Anton Bruckner and Gustav Mahler wrote in this style. Max Reger and the most sensational of the so-called " futurist " composers have been caught in its unromantic meshes. Form is placed before matter. Architecturally it recalls a gigantic office building in contrast with a Greek temple. Like a puzzle it stimulates the

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mind to action, but it fails to satisfy that longing for beauty which still fills the souls of men—Occidentals and Orientals alike. For an overdose of descriptive music, intellectual music, music designed to shock the ears, and music written to display cleverness on the part of the composer, the music of India is an excellent antidote.

It is significant that just at this time when Western life is moving faster than ever before, when clap-trap realism is infesting the stage, when composers, having long since exhausted all the combinations of tones prescribed in harmony manuals, are jumping hither and thither in their efforts to invent new styles of music, when painters and sculptors are copying rather than creating, and imaginative literature is being superseded by a true-to-life substitute,—that a 3000-year-old culture should be introduced, bringing with it a vision of a past age when things moved more leisurely and calmly, when men were fascinated by the mystery of life, and when art was a reflection of God's world, not man's.

The coming together of the East and the West in such a way as to establish more intimate relations between two widely different civilizations is an event of no small importance in world affairs. Perhaps it will aid in clearing up the misunderstanding which historians predict is some day to end in a last final struggle for political supremacy between the two ends of the earth. *In any case, a culture which has held millions of people in its power for thirty centuries and is still holding its own in spite of all manner of outside influence, is well worth careful consideration; and if its simplicity and peaceful serenity succeed in stilling some of the artificial restlessness of the West, it will have performed a mission of inestimable value.*

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MANAGING THE GOVERNMENT ON A BUSINESS BASIS

PERLEY MORSE, C.R.A.

(Author of THE A B C OF GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES)

"MANAGING the Government on a business basis" is becoming a sort of slogan. Everyone says that it would be a good thing. But do you know how the government is managed?

The Government wastes money—that is an acknowledged fact; it is almost a proverb. The "Pork Barrel" will immediately come to mind as one of the ways in which the government wastes money—your money. But the "Pork Barrel" is only one of the more obvious phases. The real trouble is with the system of government; the extravagances of Congressmen are only a part of the general waste and not the largest part by any means. *If real business methods were put into force, Senator Aldrich's estimate that $300,000,000 might be saved each year is low.* I would say that we could get what we are now getting for a dollar, by the expenditure of fifty cents; *in other words we are now getting only about one-half value for the money which goes out from Washington.*

The blame does not rest with any individual or set of individuals or with any political party—the trouble is with the system. The divisions of government have been maintained in the face of the consolidating economies of modern business, and now the work of the government has become so great, so multiplex, and so divided that the individuals thereof are spending their money without relation or co-ordination. If you can imagine a thousand country stores grouped into one big department store and with each original store preserving its old accounting methods, you will gain some idea of the present jumble of the affairs of our national Government.

Not long since I had occasion to inspect a portion of the accounts of the Bureau of Indian Affairs in pursuance

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of an Act of Congress " to enable the Secretary of the Interior to employ a chartered and certified accountant for the purpose of preparing under the direction of said Secretary, a complete fiscal and financial history and statement of the affairs of each of the Five Civilized Tribes of Indians. . . ."

The Bureau of Indian Affairs is by no means one of the greatest in the Government; but its receipts and disbursements run into the millions. If it were a private business it would be considered large and would undoubtedly have accounting methods which would enable any officer to know where the receipts came from and where they went.

The story of the accounts which I investigated is astounding—and I only scratched the surface in a small way, for I shortly found that there was no desire in the Department or in the White House to have Indian Affairs in the focus of the clear, white light of expert accountancy. The complete investigation never came off.

Here is what I found. I proceeded only into the affairs of the Choctaw tribe, and then only far enough to convince me that a thorough spading would turn up no end of skeletons.

The system of bookkeeping was simple—even foolish. It was single entry; on the one side were the receipts and the other side the disbursements, and all in a confused jumble. Over four million dollars were accounted for in numerous items of the most casual nature, such as " royalties," " town lots," " right of way," " stone and timber "—eleven heads in all. There were no ready means of tracing these receipts to their respective sources and no absolute check upon them existed. The amount might be too large or too small; but only the man who made the payment had that information. One of the amounts exceeded three hundred thousand dollars. Can you imagine a Board of Directors willing to let a sum of this size pass without question or investigation?

The disbursement side of the ledger was equally vague. It simply showed lump sums paid to Indian Agents or other parties. These lump sums were supported by vouchers of a sketchy character; instead of the vouchers showing the re-

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ceipt by the ultimate payee, they contained only the name of the disbursing officer and gave no clue whatsoever as to the actual payment. These memoranda masquerading as vouchers are filed in the War and Interior Departments, while the books of account are kept in the Pension Department. It is extremely difficult for the clerks to locate these farcical vouchers in Washington, but, to find where the money actually went, it would be necessary to investigate the agencies in Oklahoma. That is the check which Washington keeps on a portion of its moneys.

The disbursements in this account amounted to more than three million dollars, and all without adequate explanation. One firm of attorneys is down as having received $346,000, but why or for what is not stated, although it checks up to be the payment of whatever remained in the general sum at the time. The amount of a payment seems to make no difference in the bookkeeping—a small sum or a large sum are equally entered with a word or two and nothing more.

I do not say that there was any fraud on the part of anyone in these accounts—I did not go far enough to pass upon that—but *I do say that a greater opportunity for the unchecked waste of public moneys could not well be imagined.* A mere notation that the money was spent was sufficient to cover the expenditure of almost any sum of money.

The Bureau of Indian Affairs, because it had no bookkeeping worthy of the term, did not know where its money came from and it did not know where its money went. The most that was known was that money came in and money went out; and they did not even know how much came in or how much went out, for in several cases I found mistakes in addition. Having no system of checks and balances, a mistake in addition is detected only by accident; modern accounting methods make such mistakes impossible.

This investigation covered but the tiniest of sectors in the financial affairs of our government; that sector was found to be thoroughly rotten. The same slovenly methods obtain throughout the whole Government. There is nowhere a chance to check up to find how affairs really stand.

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With these facts in mind, it is not surprising that *our Government knows neither its receipts nor its expenditures. its assets nor its liabilities.* It does not know what it can afford or what it cannot afford. *Appropriations are made without the least reference to contemplated income and with the single thought that "Uncle Sam will pay the bill." Because we are so wealthy and so prodigal, Uncle Sam has always been able to pay the bill.* But *if Uncle Sam had been an individual, he would not now be in business;* he would be a leading member of the colony that Walter Besant described, in which the luminaries were those men who had failed in business for the largest sums.

The commission appointed by President Taft did much towards turning up particular wastes and abuses; but, to my mind, it did not touch upon the real difficulty with governmental business methods. It showed up the abuses and pointed the way to some reforms, but it did not reach the heart of the matter. It did not suggest a workable system of government finance based upon the experience of modern business corporations. It was really more interested in its own perpetuation than in true economy.

The executive side of the Government has no business metehods deserving the name, and the legislative side is equally deficient. If the executive could state the financial condition of the nation whenever demanded, I think the "pork barrel" would soon drop out of Congress. *If you do not know what you can afford, you will nearly always spend more than you can afford;* and this is the situation in Congress—a few millions more or less makes no particular difference, but these few millions, here and there tacked on, amount in the end to a great many millions. Hence our recent two billion dollar Congress.

It is the business methods of the Government which are primarily at fault. I think that personal graft in a huge way has been fairly well eliminated from national finance, and that the only present graft is that of communities in the way of silly expenditures for waterways that do not carry commerce, and for public buildings that are far beyond the pub-

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lic needs. This community graft—otherwise known as the "Pork Barrel," is unthinkable under any business system, but these appropriations can be controlled only by the development of the public spirit. They are bound to take care of themselves in time; they will disappear with the advent of better general methods. In the same way the sums uselessly spent upon Army Posts of no military value, and upon Navy Yards that have no naval functions, are merely evidences of the lack of a national spirit, and are transient. Altogether these appropriations total a tidy sum, but they drop into insignificance when compared with the other preventable Government wastes.

The great wastes are in the lack of co-ordination of expenditures in a proper accounting system and the vast amount of red tape in actual expenditures. Specifically, the wastes are due to these causes:

(1) A lack of co-ordination of departments and a consequent duplication of duties.

(2) A lack of a balance sheet with a statement of income and outgo which would permit a proper estimate of resources, expenditure and income.

(3) Appropriations for purely political purposes.

(4) Appropriations made without skillful aid and investigation.

(5) Useless and incompetent employees who cannot be disposed of because of Civil Service rules; employees who are only political, and who have paid men who actually do the work.

(6) A lack of central control with a proper audit of receipts and expenditures.

The departments at Washington were organized when the country was in its formative stage; as new activities arose which were not important enough to warrant the creation of entirely new departments, they were shunted into whatever department at the time seemed to have the room, and without regard to the relation of the subject matter to the other work of that department. The Treasury Department was, for a long time, the dump heap for new activities,

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and now the Department of the Interior is the museum for odds and ends of Government.

Government departments are as separate and distinct as if located in different countries. It would be far more cumbersome to arrange for the repair of an Army ship or a revenue cutter at a Navy Yard than at a private yard, even though the Navy Yard might be slack of work and entirely capable of doing the needed repairs. Can you imagine the several departments of a big business, each making its own contracts without regard to the ability of another department to attend to the work?

This individualistic organization gives some curious results in the purchase of supplies; each department buys when and where it will, and has its own staff of auditors, inspectors, and bookkeepers. For instance, the Army and the Navy buy much the same sort of foodstuffs, while their other supplies are not necessarily so different, except munitions, as to prevent a standardization which might enable economy in purchases. Instead of a single bureau having all the advantages of a great purchasing power, a single system of bidding, of bookkeeping, of inspection, the Army and the Navy buy without regard to each other and not infrequently in competition. They have separate purchasing staffs, advertise separately for bids, inspect according to department standards, and have no more connection than if they were branches of distinct foreign governments. Here is a great waste of money in administration as well as in price; both the Army and the Navy buy fairly closely in so far as the dealer is concerned—they often ruin dealers through sudden idiosyncrasies of inspection—but the goods when finally passed are very costly because so much money has been spent in the mere mechanism of making the purchases.

The departments at Washington all buy separately. *It was recently shown that they were buying twenty-eight different kinds of ink; one department was paying $3.00 a dozen quarts for ink, while another was paying only $1.70. They were using 278 different kinds of pens and 132 different grades of pencils.*

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Why should the highly important place of Postmaster at New York not be given to a skilled man? Would any express company appoint a general manager merely because he was a nice fellow and needed the money?

The Civil Service has helped much in filling places with men and women of experience, but the Civil Service is not as yet sufficiently elastic to admit of getting the best work out of employees. Once an appointment has been made in the classified service, the appointee has practically a life job with only a slight chance of advancement either in position or salary. *The discharge of such an employee is a cumbersome matter which may involve a trial and a lot of disagreeable inconvenience;* more than likely the affair will get into the newspapers and perhaps may be made the subject of Congressional investigation. Therefore a department head hesitates to discharge an employee without a flagrant offense. The protected employee often travels along the ragged edge of his work—he will not do any definite act which will warrant a discharge, but at the same time he will measure the lowest known standard of human efficiency. The quiet ease with which the average Government employee goes about his tasks is restful to the eye. You can go into any department at Washington at any hour of the day and find at least a part of the employees pleasantly engaged in reading or conversation. I would estimate that all the work of the departments of the Government, done under the efficient methods of big business, might be managed by one-half the present quota. Some business-like executives with incomes in addition to their salaries actually pay clerks out of their own pockets in order to have their personal work promptly dispatched. Contrast the management of the National City Bank, or the United States Steel Corporation, with any department at Washington and you will see what business handling of employees would mean.

In addition to the time-serving employees, the departments are filled with great numbers of war veterans who are far too old for the proper performance of the tasks which they have in hand. These people should not be cast adrift,

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but the Government should never confuse its eleemosynary with its business functions; pensions rather than jobs are needed.

The departmental business varies in volume with the seasons, but the number of Government employees does not vary. A department head cannot increase his force to meet a sudden need and he is driven to keeping a normal force which is large enough to take care of the peak load. Some changes in law should be made by which extra clerks may be employed without red tape when the business demands the additions. What would happen to a department store that carried its Christmas force throughout the entire year?

The whole Government machinery is inflexible and nowhere does this make itself more apparent than in appropriations. When Congress makes an appropriation, the money can be used only for the specific purposes set forth in the bill. Many large operations are held up because some appropriation detail has been neglected and great works go to waste because the matter of their upkeep was overlooked; the departments have often had vessels idle a half year on account of coal shortage—there was plenty of coal and ample funds, but neither the coal nor the funds could be diverted to the specific purpose. Not long ago the Army was in serious straits because there was no money for horse feed; they had a large sum with which to buy horses, but they could not buy these with no feed in sight.

This rigid system causes an enormous waste and coupled with it is an expert system of false economy. The estimates of departments are so often cut in Congress that it has become the custom always to ask for more money than is needed or expected. Congress, knowing this manner of estimating, slashes at will and without reason. A great work may be started this year and then suspended for a year or two while Congress has a fit of economy. We have spent nearly a billion dollars upon waterways; a good part of this has been lost because the objects were impossible—an Army engineer not long ago seriously suggested the boring of artesian wells in order to supply water to a "navigable stream"

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that had absorbed some millions of dollars. But the waste by doing the work in fits and starts is quite as great as that lost in ridiculous expenditures.

Government buildings and other property are allowed to deteriorate because appropriations for upkeep fail. The farmer who buys an expensive machine and then leaves it out in the rain and storm through the year is only following the usual Government custom in the care of property. When the property is allowed to run down through several years, the expenditure which must be made at the end of that period is far greater than the sum of the annual repairs, had they been done when needed.

No human being knows what the Government owns or how much it is worth; no department keeps a satisfactory record of depreciation—a thing is worth whatever it cost until it is thrown away and precious little is thrown away on the Government books. And because the Government does not know what it costs to do business, it never knows the exact expense of any purchase or product. The favorite Government method is to take the exact purchase price of the article as the cost price; they neglect all overhead and other expenses, although these are just as much a part of the cost as the money directly expended. A Government estimate of the expense of any construction is always lower than the actual cost to the taxpayers.

The remedy for all these evils is not difficult; a first class certified public accountant could devise a system which would meet all the needs, complex though they may be. I have given the subject much time and thought, and reached certain conclusions.

First, the matter of purchasing should be centralized in one department, and all purchases should, in so far as possible, be made standard. That is sound corporation policy.

The Controller of the Currency or some other official should have his duties extended to include the keeping of general books of account, showing the entire assets and liabilities of the Government and the receipts and the expenditures. In these books should be a Controlling Account with

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each department which should be kept in balance with the books of the department. That would do away with haphazard accounting and permit the Government always to know its exact financial condition.

At the end of the fiscal year, which is June 30th, a balance sheet and a statement of Income and Expenditure could be taken off after the manner of big business, and this should be made public not later than September 30th in order that the people might know the exact condition of their Government, and Congress be guided in the make-up of a budget for the coming year. Of course a Congressional budget is absolutely necessary, but the arguments for the budget have been so often given that they need not be repeated here.

The Government's adventures in business enterprises are dangerous. They are the first step toward paternalism and socialism and the taxpayers will have to pay the expense of the experiments. The Government may figure that it is able to make armor plate cheaper than a privately owned concern but it will not take into account the rapid plant depreciation or other vital elements of cost which the individual must reckon. Likewise Government owned ships, the proposed nitrate plant, and all the other recent essays are bound to show a profit—by omitting the overhead charges.

My experience as a public accountant has taught me that Government enterprises always cost more than private enterprises but how much more can only be estimated, for the books will never tell. The administration is always time-serving, inefficient, cluttered with politicians. It is much better for the Government to know definitely where it stands, to make contracts with privately owned concerns, than to embark on doubtful and costly experiments.

With the Government making sundry little trips into public ownership, and the numerous assertions that the Nation can and does build and operate more economically than private converns, the business methods of Washington are of concern to every citizen. *Perhaps figures do not lie, but certainly they are uncommonly well adapted for bolstering half-truths.*

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LETTERS FROM THE FIRING LINE

By a British Army Officer

(Continued)

Letter XIII

THE day before we came back into trenches I meant to have written you, but the chance didn't come. Now we have been in just twenty-four hours, and though the time has gone like lightning, because one has been on the jump all the while, yet, looking back, it seems ever so long since we were back in billets. A good deal has happened.

For the first time since we've been out here we took over in broad daylight, yesterday afternoon, and I've never known Fritz so quiet as he was. There were not only no shells, but very few bullets flying, and the ——— were clearing out for their week in billets. We had everything in apple-pie order, the night's duties mapped out, stores checked, ammunition dished out—the extra night supply, I mean—well before tea, and were just thinking how remarkably well-behaved the Boche was, and what a great improvement it was to take over by daylight. And then the band played.

I had been counting the supply of bombs in the company grenade store, and was in the act of setting my watch by Taffy's, standing there in the trench at a quarter to five, when, with a roar, shells landed in six different parts of our line; not in the trench, understand, but somewhere mighty close handy. Well, of course, you might say there was nothing very startling about half a dozen shells landing near us, especially as nobody was hit. And that is true. But there was something queer about it, all the same. We both felt it. Taffy looked at me and I looked at him, and "Oho!" said Taffy. And I entirely agreed.

Perhaps it was partly the unusual quietness that had come before. Anyhow, we both started on the double for

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company headquarters, and I know we both had the same idea: to see if the Peacemaker wanted the word passed for everyone to take cover in such artillery shelters as we have now in this sector; and, mind you, they're miles better than they were when we first took over.

But, bless your heart, we needn't have bothered getting word about it from the O. C. Before we got near the company dug-out the men were seeing to that for themselves, as they have been taught to do, and the trenches were empty, except, of course, for the sentries and their reliefs, who, with the observation officer, remain at their posts if the bottom falls out of the world.

Such a raging frenzy of fire as there was when we met the Peacemaker, outside the signaller's cabin, you never could imagine in your life, not if I wrote about it all night. One knows now that, on the average, there were not more than one and a half projectiles per second coming over us. But at the time, I assure you, it seemed there must be about ten a second, and that shells must be literally jostling each other in the air. Apart from anything else, the air was full of falling earth, wood, and barbed wire. It was clear they had begun by ranging on our parapet and entanglements. The oddest things were falling apparently from the sky, including bits of trench boots, bully beef tins, shovel handles, stakes six feet long, lengths of wire, crumpled sheets of iron, and all kinds of stuff.

I yelled to the O. C. that I would take observation duty, and Taffy wanted to take it with me. But the Peacemaker very properly insisted on his going to ground. We had to yell right in each other's ears. The O. C. told me our telephone wires were cut to ribbons already. "But headquarters will know as much about this as we could tell 'em by now!" he yelled. But he had sent off a chit by a runner just to let the C. O. know that our fellows had all taken cover, and that the heavy stuff seemed to be mostly landing on our front and the communication trenches immediately in rear. The O. C. made a cup of his hands and shouted in my ear as we crouched in the bottom of the trenches:

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"What you've got to do is to watch for the lifting of the curtain to our rear. Must have every man on the fire-step then. They surely mean to come across after this."

"I hope so. D Company 'll eat 'em if they do."

"That's if we can keep cover now without too many casualties. Keep as good a lookout as you can. You'll find me here, by the signallers."

So I left him and made my way along to a little observing shelter we had made near the center of our bit of firing line. But when I got there I found that shelter was just a heap of yeasty mud and rubbish. Fritz was pounding that bit of line out of all recognition. By this time, you know, one could hardly see six paces ahead anywhere. The smoke hung low, so that every shell in bursting made long sheets of red flame along the smoke. And just then I got my first whiff of gas in the smoke: not a gas cloud, but the burst of gas shells: lachrymatory shells some of 'em were. So I went hurrying along the line then, ordering all gas helmets on. I found most of the men had seen to this without being told.

By the way, I ought to say that, so far as I can see, bombardment doesn't affect one's mind much. You don't feel the slightest bit afraid. Only a lot more alert than usual and rather keyed up, as you might be if you were listening to a fine orchestra playing something very stirring. It is rather a pleasant feeling, like the exhiliration you get from drinking champagne, or hearing a great speech on some big occasion when there are thousands of people listening, and all pretty much worked up. As I scrambled along the fire-trench I laughed once, because I found I was talking away nineteen to the dozen. I listened, as though it were someone else, and I heard myself saying: "Let her rip! Let her rip, you blighters! You can't smash us, you sauerkrauters! You're only wasting the ammunition you'll be praying for presently! Wait till our heavies get to work on you, you beauties! You'll wish you hadn't spoken! Let her rip! Another dud! That was a rotten one! Why, you haven't got the range right even now, you rotters!"

Wasn't it queer, gassing like that, while they were ham-

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mering the stuffing out of our line? By the way, though I couldn't tell it at the time, our artillery was blazing away at them all this time. The fire round us was so tremendous that we positively had no idea our guns were in it at all. But, as a matter of fact, they were lambasting old Harry out of the Boche support lines and communications, and the countless shells roaring over our heads were half of them our own.

It seemed pretty clear to me that this bombardment was on a very narrow front, much less than our company front even. It didn't seem to be much more than a platoon front. So I hurried along to the signals and let the O. C. know this. As I had expected, he told me to concentrate all the men, except sentries, on the flanks of the bombarded sector, with smoke helmets on, rifles fully charged, bayonets fixed, and everything ready for instant action. He had already got our Lewis guns ready in the trench on both flanks. As a fact, the Peacemaker was doing just as much observing as I was, and I made bold to tell him I thought it wasn't quite right for him to expose himself as much as he did.

"That's all right, old man," he shouted to me. "I'm looking out, all right! I'll be careful, and you do the same! Here, stick your pipe in your mouth! It helps with the men."

I'd had to tell him that in the centre and on the extreme left we had had a few casualties. The stretcher bearers were doing their best for them. It was not many minutes after, that it seemed to me the curtain of fire was shifting back. The row was just as great, or greater. The smoke was just as dense, and there was a deal more gas in it. But it seemed to me there were very few shells actually landing along our front, and I could see the flashes of them bursting continuously a little in our rear.

As I got to the left flank of the bombarded sector, I found Taffy directing the fire of a machine gun there, diagonally across the front. The men were all out, and you could see them just itching for the word to get over the parapet. Their faces were quite changed. Upon my word, I'd hardly have known some of 'em. They had the killing

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look, and nearly every man was fiddling with his bayonet, making sure he had the good steel ready for Fritz. Seeing they were all serene, I made my way along to the other flank. I hardly thought about it, but just went, and that shows there's something shapes our ends, doesn't it? I should have been pretty sick afterwards, if I hadn't made that way when I did.

The first thing I saw on that flank was a couple of men lifting poor R——'s body from the bottom of the trench. The Infant had been killed instantaneously. His head was absolutely smashed. I think he has been the most popular officer in our mess since we came out.

There was no time to think, but the sight of the Infant, lying there dead, sent a kind of sudden heat through me from inside; just as I felt it on patrol that night. I hurried on, with Corporal Slade close on my heels. The gassy smoke was very dense. Just round the next traverse was the little bay from which the other machine gun had been firing. It wasn't firing now. Two men were lying dead close beside it, and another badly wounded; and half across the parapet was Sergeant T——, who'd been in charge of the gun, being hauled out by his arms by two Boches, while two other Boches stood by, one holding his rifle with bayonet fixed, in the thrust position, as if inclined to run T—— through. The other Boches were shouting something in German. They wanted to make T—— prisoner. There was blood on one side of his neck. The insolence of the thing made me quite mad for the minute, and I screamed at those Boches, like a maniac.

It seems rum, but they turned and bolted into the smoke, I after them as hard as I could pelt. I shot one in the back with my revolver. He fell, and as I came up with him, I stamped on his head and snatched his rifle from the ground beside him. I was like a lunatic. Then, just as suddenly, I came to my senses. The other Boches were out of sight in the smoke. I jumped back into the trench, and put Corporal Slade on to the machine gun, telling him to keep traversing that front. I ran farther down the trench to find out what had happened. The first trench dips just there into a wooded

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hollow. The pounding had levelled the whole place till you could hardly make out the trench line.

Here I found the bulk of my own platoon furiously scrapping with thirty or forty Boches over the parapet. It was splendid. I can't describe the feeling, as one rushed into it. But it was absolutely glorious. And it gave me my first taste of bayonet work in earnest—with a Boche bayonet in my hand, mark you. Made me quite glad of the bayonet practice we had at home with Sergeant W——, after he'd had the course at Aldershot. No. 1 platoon had never let the beggars get as far as our trench, but met 'em outside. There was no question of taking prisoners. They just fought—until they saw half their number struck and down; and then they turned and bolted for it into the dense smoke over No Man's Land.

They were most of 'em bayoneted in the back before I could get my fellows to turn. It wouldn't have done to go far in that dense fog of gassy smoke. And there was hardly any daylight left. I didn't want them tumbling into any ambush. On the way back we gathered up a score of Boche knives, a lot of their caps, two or three rifles, and a whole box of their hand grenades, with not one missing from it.

That was the end of the first bombardment we've seen, and you can believe me it was most exciting. It lasted exactly an hour, and our gunners tell us the Boche sent more than 4,000 shells over in that time. He has certainly knocked our line about rather badly. All hands are at work now repairing the trench and the wire, with a whole company of R. E. to help. Our casualties were eighteen wounded and seven killed. We buried thirty-one dead Boches, and they took away a good many dead. We got eleven wounded and nine unwounded Boche prisoners. Of course they took a lot of their wounded away. They took no prisoners from us.

I am sorry to say that another of our officers, Tony, is among the wounded, but the M. O. says he'll be back with us in a week. If only we could say that of the Infant. We are all sad about him—such a brave lad—but we are mighty

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pleased with the company. The brigadier says it has done splendidly. He was specially glad to know that the Boche could get no prisoners from us. It was our first taste, really, of bombardment, and of hand-to-hand fighting; and the men are now much keener even than they were before to get at the Boche. They swear he shall pay dearly for the Infant's loss, and the death of six of their mates. They mean it, too. And we mean to help them get their payment. There isn't so much as a scratch on your "Temporary Gentleman."

LETTER XIV

Your letters are a great joy, and I feel that I give mighty little in return for their unfailing regularity. But I am sure you will understand that out here, where there's no writing-table to turn to, one simply cannot write half as much as one would like. It is astonishing how few moments there are in which, without neglect, one can honestly say there is nothing waiting to be done.

In your letter of the fifteenth, at this moment propped up in front of me against a condensed milk tin, you say: "When you can, just jot down for me a sort of schedule of the ordinary, average day's work in the trenches when there is nothing special on, so that I can picture the routine of your days." I wish I had more ability as a jotter down. I know by what I used to see in the papers before leaving England that there's a general idea at home that the chief characteristic of trench life is its dreary monotony; and that one of our problems is to know how to pass the time. How the dickens the idea ever got abroad, I can't imagine. I don't see how there ever could have been a time like that in trenches. Certainly we have never had a hint of it, not the shadow of a hint. If anyone has ever tasted the boredom of idleness in the trenches—which I don't believe, mind you—there must have been something wrong with his battalion.

You will easily understand that of all things in trench warfare, nothing is more important than the ability of your company to man the fire-step, ready to repel an attack, or to make one, on the shortest possible notice. When the order

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comes there must be no fiddling about looking for rifles, or appearing on the fire-step with incomplete equipment. See how useless that would be in the event of a surprise attack in the dark, when the enemy could creep very close indeed to your parapet before the best of sentries could give any alarm. Troops on the firing line must be able to turn out, equipped in every detail for fighting—for days on end of fighting—not only quickly, but instantly; without any delay at all. That is why, in the British Army, at all events—and I've no doubt the French are the same—nobody on the firing line is allowed to remove his equipment. Officer and man alike, when we lie down to sleep, we lie down in precisely the same order as we go into action; haversack and water-bottle, ammunition and everything complete. That detail of the filled water-bottle, for instance, may make all the difference between a man who is an asset to his country in a critical action, and a man who is useless and a bad example. You never know the moment at which an action that will last forty-eight hours or more is going to begin; and, though a man may keep on a long while without food, he's not much use if he cannot rinse his mouth out after a bit.

Well, we stand-to an hour before dawn. It happens this way: the Peacemaker is in the trench doing something, or he comes from the dug-out. He looks at his watch, and at the sky, and tells his orderly to bring another orderly. Then he says to the pair of them: "Pass the word to 'stand-to.'" One bolts along the trench to the left, and one to the right; and as they hurry along, they give the word to every sentry and to everyone they see: "Stand-to!" Meanwhile, the Peacemaker pokes about and observes, and jumps like a hundred of bricks on any man whose bayonet is not fixed, whose belt is unbuckled, or who is slow in getting to the fire-step. All this time he has his watch in his hand.

Pretty soon, the first of those two orderlies comes racing back. Very often they see each other approaching the officer commanding from opposite directions, and make a real race of it, and report breathlessly: "All correct, sir." To be able to do this, they must have got the word from each platoon

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sergeant. Probably about this time the officer on duty comes along from whatever part of the line he happens to have been patrolling at the time. And he also reports that all was correct in the part of the line he has come from, or that such and such a section was a bit behind this morning, and that Corporal So-and-So wants a little stirring up.

Also, by this time the company sergeant-major will have arrived, with a couple of runners, each carrying under his arm a jar of mixed rum-and-water, half and half. Rum is never served out in any circumstances, save in the presence of an officer. So the officer on duty goes to one end of the line, and the Peacemaker to the other, and both work slowly back toward the centre, watching the serving out of the rum, and looking carefully over each man and his equipment. In the centre, the officer on duty probably waits, while the company goes right on, so that he may observe the whole of his line, and every single man in it. So you see, in a way, stand-to is a parade, as well as an important tactical operation. Because, remember, the sentries are keenly watching out all this while, and so are a good many more pairs of eyes than look out at any other time. But, whereas, the sentries are steadily gazing into the rapidly greying mystery of No-man's-land, the other pairs of eyes are only taking occasional good looks up, and then down again, below the parapet.

There has probably been very little firing from either side during this time. Now, very suddenly, a violent crackling starts along to the left of the line. Instantly, every exposed head ducks. Fritz has started the first verse of his morning Hymn of Hate. He always thinks to catch us, and never does. We enjoy his hymn, because we love to see him waste his ammunition, as he now proceeds to do in handsome style. Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! The spray of his machine-guns traverses very neatly up and down the length of our parapet. His gunners are clearly convinced that at stand-to time they are certain to get a few English heads. Then, as suddenly as he began, he stops; and—every head remains ducked. We've been at some pains to teach 'em that. Twenty seconds later—or it may be two minutes—the spray begins again, just

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where it stopped, or a hundred yards to right or left of that. The Boche is quite smart about this; only he seems to act on the assumption that we never learn anything. That's where he's rather sold.

And, while Fritz sends forth his morning Hymn, our snipers in their carefully hidden posts have their eyes glued on the neighborhood of his machine-gun emplacements; and every now and again they get their reward, and the head of a Boche machine-gun observer, or some other Teuton whose curiosity overcomes his discretion.

Before the beginning of the Hymn, you understand, the greying mystery has become considerably less mysterious, and one has been able to see almost as much in the pearly dawn light as one will see at high noon, especially in these misty localities.

When Fritz has got through the last verse, he is almost invariably quiet and harmless as a dove for an hour or two. I take it he makes a serious business of his breakfast. And there again he often pays. Our snipers have their brekker later, and devote half an hour now to observation of the neighborhood of all the little spirals of smoke in the Boche lines which indicate breakfast fires. They generally get some luck there; and sometimes it becomes worth while to turn on a machine gun or two, where Fritz's appetite has made him careless.

It is now broad daylight, and our ration parties appear, four to each platoon, trailing up the trenches from the rear with the breakfast tea and bacon. Each party dumps its dixey of tea down in the centre of the platoon sector, and the platoon sergeant dishes out to the section commanders the whack of bacon for their sections, while all hands draw their mugs of tea. The bread and jam and "dry rations" were drawn overnight. And so to breakfast, in the dug-outs or along the fire-step, according to the state of the weather. It is breakfast for all hands, except the sentries, and they are relieved to get theirs directly men to relieve them have eaten. With the exception of the one of us who is on duty, the officers go to the company dug-out for their breakfast, which

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the batmen have been getting ready. They cook it, you know, over a brazier—that is, some kind of an old pail or tin with holes punched in it, burning coke and charcoal mixed, or whatever fuel one has. Fried bacon, tea, and bread-and-jam; that's our usual menu. Sometimes there may be a tin of fruit as well, or a luxury of that sort from home. Always there are good appetites, and no need of sauce.

But, look here, I've got to stop now. And yet I've only reached breakfast in my jotting of the day's routine in trenches. Isn't it maddening? Well, I'll get another chance to-night or to-morrow, and give you more of it. I really will finish it, and I'm sorry I couldn't have done it in one letter, as it would have been done by any more competent jotter-down of things than your "Temporary Gentleman."

LETTER XV

You'll be grieved to learn that cheery, indomitable little Tommy Dodd was rather badly laid out this morning; four or five nasty wounds from shrapnel. But I think he'll pull through all right. He has so much of the will to live, and I am sure a soul so uniformly cheerful as his must make its body easier to heal.

I wasn't six paces from him at the time. We were fastening some barbed wire stays on screw standards we meant to put out tonight. I had just lent him my thick leather gloves after showing him exactly how I wanted these stays, with little stakes bound on at the end of them, to save time tonight when we are over the parapet. He was busy as a beaver, as he generally is; a bit nearer to Whizz-bang Corner than was quite wise—I shall always reproach myself for not keeping him farther from that ill-omened spot—when the shell burst low overhead. I got a dozen tiny flicks myself on hands and head, which the M. O. has touched up with iodine, when he bandaged Tommy Dodd. But Tommy was badly hit in the thigh, one arm and the left shoulder.

He was parchment-color by the time I got the stretcher bearers along; and that was only a matter of seconds. We were close to their little dug-out, as it happened. He'd lost a

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lot of blood. But he grinned at me, with a kind of twist, as I helped lift him into the trench stretcher.

"Looks almost like a Blighty for me, Sir, don't it? Well, even the Boches must hit something sometimes. It's only an outer, this time, an' look at the thousands o' rounds when he don't get on the target at all! Sorry I couldn't 've finished them stays, Sir! If you send for Davis, o' Number 5 Section, you'll find him pretty good at it, Sir!" And then he turned to the stretcher bearer in front, who had the strap over his shoulder, and was just bracing himself to start off when we'd done talking. "Home, John!" he says, with a little kick up of his head which I really can't describe. "An' be sure you don't exceed the limit, for I can't abide them nasty low perlice courts, an' gettin' fined."

And yet, when we got down to Battalion Headquarters, the M. O. told me Tommy Dodd ought by all good rights to have been insensible, from the blood he'd lost and the shock of those wounds—far from surface wounds. He'll have two or three months of hospital comfort now. I hope to goodness nothing septic intervenes. The Battalion would be the poorer for it, if we lost Tommy. The M. O. says he'll pull through. The M. O. cropped little patches of hair off round my head, to rub the iodine in where I was scratched, so I look as if I had ringworm.

But to get back to business. I've got to "jot down" this every-day trench routine for you, haven't I? And I only got as far as breakfast in yesterday's letter. We'll get a move on, and run through it now. I'm due on deck directly after lunch to relieve Taffy; and it's past eleven now. After breakfast, half the men skip down for a sleep, and the other half turn to for work. Then, after the mid-day dinner, it's work for the half that rested in the forenoon. And through the night all hands stand their turn at sentry go. That's the principle—in our Company, anyhow. But, of course, it doesn't always go quite like that. Everything naturally gives way to strafing considerations, and at times urgent repairing work makes it necessary to forego half or all the day rest time. As for the officers—there are only three of us

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now, besides the Peacemaker—one officer is always on duty, day and night. We take that in three hour spells, the three of us. Then, in the day time, while the turn of duty is a fixed thing, we are as a matter of fact about at some job or another all the time; just as the O. C. Company is about all through the twenty-four hours. At night, we three do take our time off for sleep after a tour of duty, unless in some emergency or other. The Peacemaker just gets odd cat-naps when he can.

You might think that if there has been no particular artillery strafing going on, there would be no necessary repair work for the men to do in the trench. But you see we've practically always got a new dug-out in course of construction, and a refuse pit to be dug, and a sniping shelter to be made, and a new bit of trench to be cut. We have nine separate "sumps" where pumps are fixed in our line. And if those pumps were not well worked each day we'd soon be flooded out. There are generally some wire and standards to be got ready for putting out at night, with a few "Gooseberries" and trip wires where our entanglements have been weakened by shell fire. I've never yet seen a trench that wasn't crying out for some sort of work on it.

At breakfast, the Peacemaker will generally talk over the jobs he specially wants us to put through during the day, and give us any notes he may have taken during the night, round the trenches. Then, chits begin coming in by 'phone from Battalion Headquarters; and chits, however short and innocent they may look, nearly always boil down to a job of work to be done. And afterwards the officer who is going on duty at midnight will generally get a sleep. The usual round of night duty is well under way by now—patrols, wiring parties, work on the parapet, and so on, according to what the moon allows.

With regard to sentry reliefs, the custom in our Company is this: a sentry's relief—the sentries are always double by night and single by day—must always be within call of the sentry; therefore we never let him go beyond the bay next to the one the sentry occupies; that is, round the next

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traverse. Well, we hold the reliefs responsible for keeping those two bays in good order; clean and pumped, sides revetted, fire-step clear and in repair; the duck-boards lifted, and muck cleared out from under them each day. All used cartridges have to be gathered up, and put in the sand-bag hung over the fire-step for that purpose, for return to store.

Unless there is real strafing going on, the trenches grow pretty silent after midnight. At least, it seems so to the officer on duty, as he makes his way from one end of his line to the other. One gets very tired then. There's never any place where you can sit down, in a trench. I am sure the O. C. Company is often actually on his feet for twenty-two out of the twenty-four hours. I say it's very quiet. Well, it's a matter of comparison, of course. If in the middle of the street at two o'clock in the morning at home, you heard a few rifles fired, you would think it remarkably noisy. But here, if there's nothing going on except rifle fire, say at the rate of a couple of shots a minute, the trenches seem extraordinarily quiet; ghostly quiet.

You go padding along in your gum boots, feeling your way with your stick, which usually carries such a thick coat of mud on it that its taps on the duck-boards are hardly audible. You come round the corner of a traverse, and spot a sentry's helmet against the sky-line. "Who goes there?" he challenges you, hoarsely; and you answer, "Lieutenant So-and-so, . . . Regiment"; and he gives you leave to pass.

One has to be careful about these challenges. At first the men were inclined to be casual, and grunt out: "Tha's all right!" or just the name of the Regiment when challenged. One had to correct that tendency. It is easy for a Boche to learn to say "Tha's all right," or to mention the name of a Regiment opposite his line. Plenty of them have been waiters, barbers, clerks, bakers, and the like in London. So we insist on formal correctness in these challenges, and the officer or man who doesn't halt promptly on being challenged takes his chance of a bullet or a bayonet in his chest.

One stops for a word or two with every sentry, and one

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creeps out along the saps for a word with the listening posts. It helps them through their time, and it satisfies you that they're on the spot, mentally as well as physically. There's hardly a man in A Company who is not an inveterate smoker, but do you know I have never once got a whiff in the neighborhood of a sentry since we've been in trenches, never a suspicion of it. Neither have I ever found a sentry who was not genuinely watching front; and if the Colonel himself comes along and asks a question, there's not one of them ever betrayed into turning his eyes from his front. They're good lads.

And so the small hours lengthen into the rather larger ones, and morning Stand-to comes round again. It isn't often it's so absolutely uneventful as my jottings on the subject, of course. But you must just regard this as what it is: the merest skeleton outline of the average routine of trench days. And then, to be sure, I've omitted lots of detail. Also, every day brings its special happenings, and big or little strafes. One thing we do not get in trenches, and I cannot believe we ever should, from what I've seen of it; and that is monotony, boredom, idleness, lack of occupation. That's a fancy of the newspaper writers which, so far as I know, has literally no relation whatever to the facts of trench life on the British Front in France; certainly not to anything as yet seen by your "Temporary Gentleman."

Letter XVI

We are trying to work one of our little cunning stunts today. Last night I had an observation patrol out, and having no special job on, decided to give our time to the examination of the Boche wire—their entanglements, in the sector opposite our particular line. I had only two men with me: one of my own Platoon scouts, and a lad named Hankin, of whom I have great hopes as a sniper. He's in my No. 3 Section, and a very safe and pretty shot with a rifle, especially at long range. He'd never been on patrol and was most anxious to go, and to have an opportunity of looking at the Boche line, to verify his suspicions regarding certain

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holes in the ground which he thought their snipers used. Our patrol had two interesting results, for one of which we have to thank Hankin's intelligence. The other was a bit of good luck. The reason I took such a small patrol was that the aim was observation pure and simple; not strafing; and the men were more than usually tired, and had a lot of parapet repair work which had to be put through before daylight.

It was about a quarter to one in the morning when we went out, there having been too much moonlight before then. Hankin had prepared a regular chart of the Boche line from his own observations from his sniping post; quite a clever little map, it is, showing clearly his suspected sniping shelters, of which there are four. We drew a blank in the first two of these, and for the third had to tack back from the line of the Boche wire, toward our own, along the side of an old sap, all torn to bits and broken in with shell fire. Hankin felt certain he had seen the flash of rifles from this hole; but I thought it was too near our own wire to have attracted any Boche sniper for regular use.

I need hardly say that on a job of this sort one moves very slowly, and uses the utmost possible precaution to prevent noise. It was now absolutely dark, the moon having gone down and the sky being much overcast. But for my luminous-faced compass (which one consults under one's coat flap to prevent it showing) we should have been helpless. At it was, on the bearings I worked out before starting, we steered quite comfortably and fairly accurately.

All of a sudden came a shock, a rifle fired, as it seemed under our noses, actually from about twenty-five paces ahead on the track we were making. "That's him, Sir," breathed Hankey in my right ear. I looked at the compass. The shot came from dead on the spot where Hankey's third hole should be; the one we were making for then. "How about a little bomb for him, Sir?" whispered the scout on my left. But I shook my head. Too much like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay, and too much like asking the Boche for machine gun fire. It was fair to assume the Boche sniper who fired that shot would be facing our trenches; the same way

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we were facing at that moment, since we were working back from the German wire toward our own. I pushed my lips close up to Hankey's ear and whispered:

"We'll try stalking him." Hankey nodded, quite pleased. Then I whispered to the scout to follow us very, very carefully, and not too closely. I didn't want him to lose touch, but, for the sake of quietness, one would sooner, of course, go alone. We kept about six paces between us laterally, Hankey and myself, and we advanced by inches.

I must say I should have been grateful for just a shade more light, or less inky blackness. The edge of that sniper's hole was not sloping, but sheer; and, crawling slowly along, I struck my right hand clean over it into nothingness, letting my chest down with quite an audible bump. Right before me then I heard a man's body swing round on the mud, and the sniper let out some kind of a German exclamation which was a sort of squeal. It was much more like some wild animal's cry than anything human. I had to chance it then. The sound was so amazingly close. I couldn't see him, but—And then I sprang! The thing my hands gripped on first was not the beggar's windpipe or shoulders, as I had hoped; but his rifle, carried on his left hand on his left side.

It was rather like tom-cats coming to blows. I swear he spat. As you know, I'm rather heavy, and I think my spring, slightly to his left, knocked him off his balance. He hadn't a chance. But, though I got his left wrist, and covered his mouth with my chest, I was a bit uneasy about his right hand, which for the moment I couldn't find. Lucky for me he hadn't got a dagger in it, or he might have ripped me open. But Hankin pretty soon found his right hand, and then we hauled him up to his feet. I passed his rifle to the scout, and we just marched him along the front of our wire to Stinking Sap, and so into our own front trench; Hankin holding one of his arms, I taking the other, and the scout coming behind with the muzzle of the man's own rifle in the small of his back. There was no need to crawl, the night being as black as your hat; and in three or four minutes, we had that sniper in front of the Peacemaker in the Company dug-out.

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It was quite neat, wasn't it? And all thanks to the ingenious Hankey's careful observations, and his chart. He'll get his first stripe for that, and very soon have another to keep it company, or I'm much mistaken in him. The Peacemaker was quite delighted, and wrote a full report of the capture to be sent down to Headquarters with the prisoner. Snipers are worth capturing, you know, and this looked like an intelligent chap whose cross examination might be of some use to our Brass-hats. Queer thing about this sniper: he spoke English almost like a native. We are not allowed to examine prisoners on our own account. All that's done by the powers behind the line. But this fellow volunteered quite a little talk, while we were getting the report made out. He was quite satisfied when he realized we were not going to harm him in any way; but it was perfectly clear he had expected to be done in. You'd have thought he would have known better. He'd spent nine years in London, part of the time a waiter, and later a clerk. He had lived at Kensington, and then in lodgings on Brixton Hill. Extraordinary, isn't it? He'd been told that London was practically in ruins, and that the Zepps had made life there impossible. He also thought that we in France were completely cut off from England, the Channel being in the hands of the German Navy, and England isolated and rapidly starving! I gather the Boches in the fighting line have no notion at all of the real facts of the War.

Well, having been so far successful, we decided to resume our patrol, the main purpose of which, examination of the Boche wire, hadn't been touched yet. So off we went again down Stinking Sap; and I could see that Hankey and Green, the scout, bore themselves as victors, with something of the swank of the old campaigner, and hero of a thousand patrols. A great asset, mind you, is a reasonable amount of swank. These two had not been out before this night, but already they climbed over the parapet and moved about in No-man's Land, with a real and complete absence of the slightest hint of nervousness.

Now, I must cut this short because I have to go an

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errand for the Peacemaker, to have a little talk with a Battery Commander. We had rather a good prowl up and down the Boche wire, and made an interesting discovery on the extreme left of our sector. There was a shade more light, then; not from the moon, of course, but from the stars, the sky having become less overcast. I ran my nose right against a miniature sign-post; quite a nice little thing, with feathers stuck in cracks near the top of it, presumably to give Boche patrols their bearings. I should have liked to take it away as a souvenir, but I didn't want to arouse Boche suspicions, so I left it. The interesting thing was that this little sign-post—about 18 inches high, planted among the front wire stakes—pointed the way in to the Boche trenches by an S-shaped lane through their wire entanglements; so shaped, of course, as to prevent it being easily seen from our line.

We crawled along this lane a bit, far enough to make sure that it was a clear fairway into the Boche front trench. Then I got a careful bearing, which I subsequently verified half a dozen times; and we made our way back to Stinking Sap. I haven't time to tell you now of our cunning little plan about this discovery. That's what I'm going to see the Battery Commander about. But, if we can make the arrangement we want to make with the gunners, we'll bring off a nice little bombing raid tonight, and I'll let you know all about it in my next letter. Meanwhile, I must scurry away, or I shall miss the Battery Commander in his rounds, and there will be a telling off for your "Temporary Gentleman."

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CHRISTMAS EVE—1916

THE moonlight lay like snow upon the ground,
Kind snow to cover The Red Shame beneath
And cool the fevered earth. There rose no sound
Save the winds' chantey. Hillside, vale, and heath
Held not an echo of that grim display
Humanity had viewed with anguished eye—
When maddened millions flung their lives away,
And a high curse went hurtling to the sky.
Of a sudden a deeper tone of mystery
Fell on the shattered trenches. No Man's Land
Grew vibrant with some shadow Form. And we,
Tense soldiers, gazed too awed to understand. . .
As lo, dejected Jesus walked again
Pityingly among the ranks of slain!

H. T. R.

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THE MERCHANT MARINE AND THE FARMER

AGNES C. LAUT

"FOR thirty years, the standing obstruction to the upbuilding of Merchant Marine and Navy has been —let us acknowledge it frankly—the Middle-West.

"What's the Merchant Marine to us?" asked a Middle-Western Congressman truculently, when an Eastern member from one of the Seaboard States was urging consideration of the fact that from carrying 90 per cent of her foreign commerce in 1912, the United States Merchant Marine Fleet had fallen so low by 1912 that only 8 per cent. of American foreign trade was carried under the American flag. "What's the Merchant Marine to us? What do we of the Inland States care *who* does the hauling and trucking job across the Herring Pond for us? When I want my trunk brought up from the station, I hire a truckman to do the job; and he does it cheaper than I could if I owned my own express cart. To be sure, foreign nations carry our foreign trade! What do we care for that? We want to keep out of foreign entanglements and alliances! We are an island empire and the sea is our fortress of defense. If foreign ships can carry cheaper than we can, let 'em have the job! It's a truckman's job, anyway, the job for hewers of wood and carriers of water—you Seaboard fellows always approach the subject of a Merchant Marine in the spirit of a hunter behind a stalking horse. The bluff is a Merchant Marine. The real dub in disguise behind is the demand of the Ship-Building Interests for a ship subsidy. None of that! What's a ship subsidy for us? A burglar's hand in the grab bag!"—and tradition round the corridors of the Capitol has it that the Inland opponent of a Merchant Marine advised the Seaboard proponent of a Merchant Marine to "quit worrying of nights over the other fellow's grab-bag and come out and have a drink."

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It was a good deal easier for forty years to get a bill through for "Rivers and Harbors," where there wasn't any water, or for "a Post Office," where there were few people to use it, than to keep a quorum in the House for discussion of a Merchant Marine. In vain, your Seaboard duck urged that if the railroads needed land subsidies and then went broke—as 60 per cent. of them did in '93—the ships should have at least enough public support to enable them to compete against foreign fleets highly subsidized by their governments. If Macy depended on Wanamaker to deliver his goods, and Sears-Roebuck depended on Montgomery-Ward—what would become of markets? Your Inlander simply wouldn't stay in the House to listen. Read Bate's history of our navigation and you will learn that *until the* 1914 *war broke out, paralyzing ocean traffic, it was impossible to keep members in their seats listening to any discussion of a Merchant Marine.* Panama Canal was a present given away to foreign nations because the Middle-West, the North-West and the South-West—in other words, because the wheat farmers, the beef raisers and the wool growers—didn't see what in the world all this palaver of marine and navy mattered to them anyway.

You might argue your head off about ocean rates yearly absorbing as much gold from the United States as the whole world could produce in a year, about the drain of gold causing yearly tight money—the Western miner didn't see it and didn't care.

What Caused the Instant Change?

Then something happened.

When McAdoo attempted to put through his Government Shipping Bill, he depended almost entirely for support on the Middle-West; and he got it. It was the support of the formerly obdurate Middle-West that frankly after a two years' struggle drove the Bill through in its emasculated, pasteurized, impossible-to-be-carried-out form. And the Bill? It did not call for a subsidy of one or two millions a year to one or two lines—as European nations have appropriated to build up their merchant fleets. It was a straight

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proposition for an expenditure of 50 millions either Government money, or bonds backed by Government guarantee.

What brought about the miracle? *Just one word converted the Middle-West—Ruin!* The sledgehammer blow of a single fact! That fact was the War. It hit the Middle-West on the head and let in a great light. Everybody got an instantaneous knack of doing lightning tricks in arithmetic.

Cotton, from selling round 10 and 11 cents a pound dropped to 8 cents, then to 6 cents, then couldn't be sold at all. That meant sheer ruin to the cotton growers. Bankers from all over the country got together "to finance" the 1914 cotton crop, that is—to store it pending the War, and give storage receipts to the farmers, which would be accepted as currency.

Wheat had been selling round 70 and 80 cents a bushel. Wheat simply stopped. Buyers wired West not to accept a bushel, not to accept a pound at the elevators. Miles of wheat ships lay embargoed at Buffalo, at Duluth, at Philadelphia, at Baltimore. The elevators in Chicago bulged to bursting because the railroads refused to accept a bushel for shipment. South of Minnesota, harvesting had already been finished. North of Minnesota, men wondered whether they dared go on cutting and paying harvest hands $2 to $3 a day; for if the wheat could not be sold—why go in debt to cut it? Men of the North, say with 1,000-acre fields running 30 bushels to the acre—as farms that I know better than I do New York, run in Montana and Alberta and Saskatchewan—went sick with a cold sweat; for 1,000-acre farms meant heavy mortgages for machinery to operate them.

Railroads began running half and quarter time. Why? Because they were afraid to accept shipments for fear they would not get the freight money. They were afraid when they hauled freights to sea level that lack of steamers would leave them stranded with loaded cars on the sidings. I know of highly paid railroad managers, who at this time gave four weeks' work for two weeks' pay to keep things going. At this time, in the South alone, one-sixth of the railroads went in receivers' hands.

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Nor was the reaction any less severe on the factories. No use making shoes and farm machinery and dress goods if the cotton farmers and wheat growers would not have any money to buy. First, the steamers stopped. Then, the railroads stopped. Then, the factory wheels ceased to go round. In the East alone, more than a million men were out of work. *It was as if a great crowbar had suddenly jammed into the intricate and complex machinery of commerce, bringing things to a terrific stop with a jar that paralyzed buying and selling-power.*

And we were not at war. We were at peace. We had kept out of European entanglements. We were minding our own business as the Middle-Westerner had advocated. Well then—*what had happened?* Nothing on our part except that *we hadn't any delivery rigs to deliver goods to our customers on the other side of the Atlantic;* and we hadn't any sea policemen to protect traffic as it crossed through the sea lanes from America to Europe.

They were willing to pay 50 cents a pound for cotton in Bremen; and we had slathers of it; and we couldn't sell it for 6 cents because we had been depending on other nations to run our delivery rigs across the Atlantic; and war suddenly stopped other nations on our job—a job we should have been doing for ourselves. They were ready to pay $1.65 for wheat in Liverpool; and we couldn't sell it for 40 cents. We couldn't, in fact, sell it for 4 cents; because we hadn't any ships to carry it; and if we had ships, we hadn't convoys to protect them from raid on the way across.

In a word, we hadn't any Merchant Marine; and we hadn't any Navy to protect a Merchant Marine. That is—we hadn't any Navy to spare away from the protection of our own shores.

The Middle-West and the North-West and the South-West came awake with such a jerk they almost threw the Government out of the saddle. Neutral! Of course, we were neutral; but what in thunder did that matter if we were reduced to ruin by the War from lack of our own ships? The wheat farmer and beef grower and cotton planter let out

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one yell for ships. We weren't quite sure what ships; but ships; any old ships; and ships that had been rotting at their wharfs, or had been laid aside for ten years were hailed forth and surveyed ruefully. Later, those mournful derelicts were furbished up and sold at Klondike prices.

While McAdoo was frantically rigging out a Government Shipping Bill, something happened.

The wheels began to go round. The grain began to go forward. The cotton to move; and, if prices may be illustrated by the fable of the cow jumping over the moon, beef prices began to show kite-like qualities. Cotton jumped to pre-war prices. Wheat sold up to $1.65 delivered at Western elevators.

What had happened and how?

Great Britain, which operates almost 60 per cent of the world's shipping, *had put her ships back in the sea lanes;* and though commerce raiders were ravaging the Indian Ocean, the South Pacific, the South Atlantic, there crept out of the glimmering fogs of the North Sea prowlers of the British Fleet guarding all the sea lanes of the Atlantic.

Please look at the facts and con them with true American pride!

The United States was dependent on a foreign merchant fleet for relief from commercial paralysis and is yet dependent on a foreign navy for protection on the sea lanes!

But something more had happened than the opening of the sea lanes and the coming of the British sea dogs to protect and police and patrol those sea lanes.

If the cow went cavorting over the moon, ocean freight rates went volplaning among the stars.

Who Pays the Freight?

And that brings up the question—Who pays the freight? If Europe pays the freight on our grain and cotton and beef, who cares how high the ocean freight rates go? But does Europe pay the freight?

You never need to ask a farmer that question. It is only

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the Board of Trade statistician steeped in more figures than facts, who makes the mistake of thinking that "f. o. b." means that the buyer pays the freight. *He seems to pay the freight, but does he?* The Hood River apple grower ships a carload of boxed apples to New York. They sell for $1.50 a box to the wholesaler or jobber. Does the Hood River man get that $1.50? Not much he does! Ask him! *He gets that $1.50 less* commission 10 per cent, less cartage 10 cents, *less freight 50 cents,* less cost of box 20 cents, less paper and packing 2 cents. Who paid the freight?

Or the Saskatchewan wheat farmer ships a bushel of wheat to Liverpool. After navigation closes, the rate runs about 40 cents from Saskatchewan to shipside on the Atlantic seaboard. Before the War, the rate on wheat across the Atlantic ran at various seasons from Baltimore at 4 to 10 cents a bushel to London, to Hamburg 11 to 15 cents; from Boston at from 3 cents to 7; from New York at 3 to 9 cents. At Liverpool the Saskatchewan wheat brought $1.75 to $2.25. Did *the Saskatchewan farmer* get $1.75 to $2.25? No—he got *$1.75 to $2.25 less rail freight, less ocean freight,* less commission and elevator charges. The New York wheat farmer got Liverpool prices less ocean rates only. When the Saskatchewan farmer got $1.65, the New York or Pennsylvania farmer got almost $2—that is, the Liverpool price less ocean rate, where the Western farmer got Liverpool price less land and water rate.

Now what happened to ocean rates for shipless, shiftless Uncle Sam? Where wheat rates had formerly been 3 to 11 cents they jumped to 20 cents, 26 cents, 46 cents.

The wheat grower got the War Prices of Europe less those extortionate rates.

For the cotton planter, it was even worse; for cotton became contraband and was a highly insured, fearfully risky cargo to carry. Cotton has been carried as low as 16 cents a hundred pounds across the Atlantic; but of late years owing to "pools" and "agreements" among foreign carriers, it had been forced to pay a rate varying from 16, 18, 22 to 45 and 50 cents a 100 pounds. When the War broke

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out, cotton freights jumped clear over the moon. They went from 75 cents to $2.75 and $3. There are 500 pounds more or less in a bale. You can figure for yourself what percentage cotton ocean rates went up!

It isn't hard to see why Uncle Sam came suddenly awake with a roar for a merchant fleet of his own; but even with such ocean freights, we have prospered exceedingly. We have prospered because our farm produce is reaching the world markets, where War Prices rule.

At the same time, please note one point! *While we have been charging Europe extortionately for our farm produce, we have been paying European carriers extortionately for carrying that produce.* We may think they have paid the freight. They seem to, but they haven't. We have; or we would be getting the Liverpool prices for wheat to-day, instead of the New York and Chicago prices. Compare the prices for wheat in Chicago and New York; and the difference is just about the freight rate!

And we have been building a Merchant Marine feverishly. We have more ship-building plants and more ships on the way than since the clipper days. Instead of carrying only 8 per cent of our foreign trade, we are now carrying more than 20 per cent; but *we are paying for our procrastination.*

We are paying *in the highest ocean freights ever known.*

We are paying *in the highest prices paid for ships ever known.* In 1914, you could buy a first-rate freighter at $50 to $70 a ton. To-day you cannot buy at $100 to $150 a ton. I think of one line of 26 ships—an American line doing a coastal trade—when the War broke out. First, they chartered their ships out at $30,000 a month; and said the president of the line, "it seemed like stealing candy from a baby." Then they chartered the ships at $75,000 a month. Then, they sold the ships, which had cost them $400,000 for one million to a million and a half each.

Material for ships—steel, oil, oil-burning machinery—has increased 300 per cent since the war broke out. That is the fine we are paying for our neglect of the sea for half a century.

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But *when* and *how* is our Navy on Paper to be built? Every pound of raw material that goes into a ship has been bought ahead for two years; and prices have increased 200 and 300 per cent. *Our dilly-dallying will cost us* in hard cold cash an excess of 120 to 150 millions—*more than foreign nations have paid in ship subsidies in twenty years* do we pay for the delay and ignorance of our representatives. We thought to get these cruisers and battleships on the way a few weeks after Congress passed the bill. Now the shipbuilders tell the Government plainly it is physically impossible to complete even the first section of the Navy programme within four years. In those four years, what will all the other nations have done? While Uncle Sam has been sleeping, drugged into heavy indifference with prosperity, the other nations will have been building feverishly in the night.

The difficulty can be overcome. It can be overcome by outbidding the War Prices paid by Europe. *Because we as a nation have been negligent, we cannot ask shipbuilders, who have starved for fifty years, to forego the profits of Europe's high prices.*

To-day we are building submarines, aeroplanes, guns for the nations of Europe; and we have not yet built our own first line of defense.

It is seldom that a neglect passes unpunished in an individual life. It is still seldomer that a neglect passes unpunished in a national life. *England's first year of the War was the price she paid for her smug self-sufficiency;* and even in her period of smug self-sufficiency, England was buying guns, submarines, air ships from us.

If it was the Middle-West that retarded the development of a Merchant Marine and Navy in the United States, it looks as if it would have to be the Middle-West that would retire to eternal oblivion those Senators and Congressmen who have acted as the obstructionists.

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AIR DEFENCE

LLEWELLYN GEORGE

ABOUT the time it became apparent there was to be opposition to the Army and Navy programme last session, it also became apparent that if the bill did pass, there would be great difficulty in carrying it into effect.

National defence means a great deal more than a campaign for Preparedness and a shout and a huzza, followed by a majority vote. For instance, we think we have inaugurated a magnificent Navy programme. We have; but how is it going to be carried out? Raw material has already been bought ahead two years. Builders say it is a physical impossibility to build even the ships laid down in the first part of the programme within forty-eight months. Meantime, Uncle Sam has accumulated in his vaults the greatest store of reserve gold ever known in this country's history. It is easy to say—"Compel the builders to begin home contracts first, even if you have to confiscate the yards and operate under Government ownership." Government operation has always been slower than private work; and where is the Government to obtain workmen? Are they to be forcibly confiscated, too, and compelled to work under pistol and bludgeon? And if they are, do you realize what unwilling workmen could do to delicate ordnance and battleship organisms that require the fine points of a hair spring in a watch?

The truth is, by our delay the United States has been left defenseless to all the enemies of the world; and this country is to-day the greatest storehouse of wealth in an impoverished world.

So while the public and the press were still fumbling defence measures, a group of the strongest men in the country met in a downtown club in New York and invited an army expert from Europe, who happened to be in the country, to give an informal talk on the methods adopted by European coast cities against attacks. It may be added here that this group was not a coterie of "munition men." The munition

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men are quite content to keep on shipping to Europe. They have all they can do just to keep up to foreign demands. But the group was composed of big bankers, whose vaults would be the first to be raided, Army and Navy men, who would be expected to defend the coast without being adequately equipped to do so, New York City officials, responsible for the safety of the city, big shippers, whose lines and terminals would be the first to be destroyed in case of war. Not a man present was there from disinterested motives. Make that clear in your mind! There was no pretense of public service professions and " munitions " profit under mask of such professions. Every man was there because he knew if New York were attacked, his business and all the shareholders of his business and all the sellers to his business—would be instantaneously ruined. I don't know whether you like it put in that bald way; but the bare and basic fact is, when men deal with a menace to their own personal well-being, they are very apt to winnow out all hot-air arguments and deal only with facts.

There were a great many facts laid before this informal meeting; and there wasn't any flash-buster hot-air.

The first fact laid before these men was that we were equipping Europe with weapons that might some day be turned against ourselves. Modern warfare depends on H. E. —high explosives, long range guns, powerful battleships, submarines, air craft. We are purveyors of all these things to the whole world, to the whole world except ourselves. How many present knew, for instance, that the giant German submarine over which the country was slobbering with inane frenzy had been evolved from an American model? How many knew that two years before that submarine came with its press agents and brass band a whole flotilla of submarines equally big and powerful had been built by this country and plowed from Canada under their own power to Europe? How many knew that the very week the big German ship came nosing up through the Atlantic, shipyards in this country had launched a better underseas craft for—not ourselves—oh—no—but for Spain?

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Holland—Curtiss—Lewis—those were the magic keys to success in this war; and each was an American inventor. The submarine had evolved from Holland. The aeroplane had evolved from Curtiss. The mobile gun—at once light enough to be used in the air and swift enough to fire 600 shots a minute—had evolved from Lewis. With the fatuous imprudence of the Central American savages in the days of Balboa, who traded away pearls and gold for glass beads and red rags—we had rejected the precious gifts of our foremost inventors and traded them away for the very gold that would draw danger to us.

Not pleasant words! Not flattering to our conceit, but unpleasantly true!

Thirteen foreign seaplanes are to-day armed with Lewis guns; and 30,000 Lewis guns are to-day in use on the firing line of Western Europe. In the words of a British Cabinet Minister, the gun we have given Europe, the gun we have refused to accept as a free gift, "the Lewis gun is the envy of all Europe."

There are a lot of fine points in the famous Lewis gun which laymen can easily grasp. A gun for general use must be light, swift, easily operated, not subject to derangement in the haste and darkness and filth of wet night work, and must have as long range as the heavier gun. Now the Germans in their first charges had swift mobile trench guns; but they weighed 200 pounds. In a surprise, or retreat, or wild scrimmage, they were abandoned. That explains the later seeming enormity of chaining the living gunner to his machine. Under suspense, he had to keep to his job and keep firing, or be killed. That was the boasted gun of the German Army, when along came the Lewis gun, weighing 25 pounds, so easy of operation it could be handled by a boy.

The Lewis gun could be speeded up to 600 shots a minute, but that was waste, for the simple reason the foe would be hit the first shot and his body would be riddled with eleven unnecessary bullets before the corpse fell; so the problem became to slow the Lewis gun down to 250 shots a minute—discharged in bursts of 20 shots, then change targets and

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another 20 shots, then change position after 50 shots. The Germans have a saying that every bullet wasted on the enemy is a dead German. On this principle, the Lewis gun was slowed down.

Another point: guns in actual battle are not fired under the ideal conditions of the proving ground. A good gun must be as usable in the dark as in daylight, in the rain as in clear weather, in burning heat as in cool weather. Other field guns operated with the cartridges in belts swelled in rain and jammed in heat. They also went out of whack if sand blew into the mechanism. It will be recalled how certain guns at a very critical moment jammed on the Mexican border. The Lewis gun avoids all this by feeding, not from a leather belt, but from a metal plate or wheel; and the overheating is prevented by vacuum air cooling. It feeds 47 cartridges at a clip and can be reloaded in a second. It recocks automatically and a vacuum is created by air suction, which causes the air cooling. It is the only air-cooled gun in use. The consequence is the Lewis gun does not need ten extra barrels as some field guns do, nor does it need retempering till after 60,000 or 70,000 shots. It can be used at any altitude, in any weather, at any temperature, in any action. The slight deformity of a cartridge jams some field guns. In a certain well-known field test the Lewis gun fired 1,000 rounds with deformed cartridges and did not jam once. Its competitor jammed 314 times in 1,000 rounds and finally stuck fast.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the talk before this powerful group of American citizens was on Air Defence. No one outside the circle of authorities in France and England will ever know what Air Defence has cost in human life and anxiety. The Zeppelins came out of the clouds against England and France like weird monsters from another world. There seemed no human means of defense from this "Death Ship in the sky" dropping bombs and torpedoes from invisible heights. It was acknowledged by the Allies that for the first year of the war, the greatest danger to the British fleet in the North Sea was from the Zeppelins that

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hovered like hawks overhead. The first attacks on London brought a sort of paralysis of fascinated consternation. The thing was like a black death descending on the defenseless out of the skies.

London at once called 20,000 men on duty for Air Defence. These were men over age for active service. They were employed in three shifts of eight hours—a third for active duty, a third for sleep, a third for their regular vocation. At first defence was attempted by shooting shrapnel from high roofs at the assailants in the clouds; but the falling shrapnel killed more Londoners than the German bombs.

Then a ring was thrown round the city about two miles outside the suburbs; and the air craft were called to the defence in an endeavor to get the "Zeps" coming and going as they passed over the city; for the "Zep," like certain prehistoric monsters, is very frail if you hit the right spot; and one bullet in the gasolene tank does for this monster of the air, bringing him down a flaming Lucifer. Lookouts were placed at certain stations in the ring round the city; and when a "Zep" was descried, the air men were sent up; but the "Zeps" usually chose the night for their death work; for at night the flaming lights of the city betrayed localities; and the "Zep" itself came and went hidden. It is deadly dangerous to land an aeroplane at night. One air pilot came down on what he thought was a green field. It was the green tiled roof of a public building; and more than 30 air men were killed in one night's raid. Finally the Air Defence was systematized. At each station in the circle was a lookout tower. At these towers were kept say 48 men and half a dozen officers. At the first signal of an invader, the lookout telephoned down from the tower. The word was flashed to all the stations in the circle; and every man of the Air Defence jumped to his assigned place. Three sets of lorries went out from each station. The first carried 6-pound guns and Lewis guns mounted on a truck; the second carried men and supplies; the third carried powerful searchlights. The air craft were all armed with Lewis guns.

Now comes a fine point. The firing guns carried no

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searchlight; for if the truck with the guns lighted up, a bomb promptly dropped from the " Zep " and destroyed truck and men. So the searchlight truck had powerful twin lights. It would flash a light on the " Zeps " like a great sword of fire in the air. Instantly as it flashed, the Lewis gun from an air craft or another truck would fire at the " Zep." If the " Zep " dropped a bomb where the searchlight flashed, it would miss aim; for the truck kept moving; and the other twin light would flash from another angle and place. Every 3 seconds the searchlight would flash on the " Zep " and every 3 seconds, from another place the Lewis guns would flash. Unless I am misinformed, since this sytem of Air Defence was adopted, no casualties have occurred inside the city limits of London from " Zep " raids; and a very, very large percentage of invaders has been brought down.

We talk of modern inventions having abolished the thrills of war, but it would be hard to find in all history anything more thrilling than an enemy with Jove's thunderbolts in his hands coming hundreds of miles through the air across foggy seas and enveloped in clouds dropping death on populous cities; or than eerie flashlights playing like blue swords through the sky followed by shots from defenders fighting on the wing at the rate of fifty bullets every three seconds; ending, after a terrific explosion high in mid air, with a sheet of fire flaming to earth. These are some of the things American invention has done for defence in Europe.

What has American invention done for defence in America? The United States have refused to accept as free gifts the finest inventions of American genius.

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UNCLE SAM'S SUBMARINE SUPREMACY

H. THOMPSON RICH

NOT long ago the *U-53* came over here, torpedoed half a dozen ships, aroused a certain amount of excitement, and went back to Kaiser-land. And once again "German efficiency" was paraded in the nation's press—while at the same time the *Isaac Peral,* a finer submarine in every way, made in America for the Spanish Government, of American design and material and workmanship throughout, was undergoing her final trials off Provincetown, Massachusetts.

As I was privileged to be aboard as a special correspondent for FORUM, I am going to show you that though Germany may be "efficient"—America is thorough. Then I am going to point out the folly of exporting so unexcelled an article. For Uncle Sam can build the finest under-sea craft in the world.

Right at the outset, however, let me confess that previous to the experiences which are to follow, I had held the submarine arm of our Navy in no high esteem. And in this opinion, I was undoubtedly influenced by the deal of misinformation on the subject which has found its way into our newspapers and magaiznes.

Of course I knew in a vague way that, years before, an American had designed the first really successful boat of this type; but what I had read, combined with the long series of mishaps culminating in the *F-4* disaster, had left me quite convinced of American shipbuilders' inability to cope with the intricacies of actual construction. In fact, I was rather amused to learn that foreign nations, under the stress of War, were turning to us for such craft. It seemed like going to a plumber to get a ring set.

Imagine my surprise, therefore, when I arrived in Provincetown and beheld—not "another *F-4,*" but a submersible that would have been the pride of any navy on the globe.

She was a "whale" of a boat! I mean that literally as well as in the vernacular, for as she lay there motionless on the still waters of the bay, glistening in the afternoon sunlight, she was not unlike one of Jonah's leviathans of the deep. Only, properly regulated whales don't as a rule carry conning-towers on their backs. And besides, there was the matter of her two periscopes, flashing and sparkling like twin Kohinoors at their tapering points.

No, on second thought the *Isaac Peral* didn't seem so much like a whale after all. As the little launch that was bringing me aboard drew nearer, she took on more and more the look of what she actually was

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—a fighting craft, fundamentally, though such a craft as Napoleon had not foreseen.

How different would have been the map of Europe, had that immortal Frenchman had just one *Isaac Peral.* Wellington would never have crossed the Channel, the battle of Waterloo would never have been fought, the British fleet would have been blown into atoms, England would once more have been invaded, and there would have been a second Norman Conquest.

Idle thoughts! But they show the might of this modern David.

The launch approached the submarine and drew up under her port bows. Rather excited, I leapt aboard. What had at first been apathy was now intense interest. I wanted to know everything about her—just how long she was, how wide, how fast she could travel, what her destructive potentialities amounted to, and a hundred other things. And I laughed to myself, for someone was going to have a sorry time answering all my questions!

But I found the officers and crew very willing to be interviewed. As was only natural, they took an enthusiastic interest in their boat and were glad to vaunt its prowess. They told me that she measured 196 feet from stem to stern, had a beam of 18½ feet, and displaced 700 tons. I thought a moment. In other words she was a block long, twice as wide as a Pullman car, and weighed the equivalent of 22,400 cubic feet of water. The Spanish *Santa Maria* which brought that daring adventurer Christopher Columbus to America over four hundred years ago, had a length of 63 feet and a displacement of 200 tons. The *Isaac Peral,* latest ship to carry the flag of Spain, is more than three times as long and weighs 3½ times as much.

I walked forward over her echoing steel deck to the conning-tower, which rises about midway to a height of some six feet above the deck level, which in turn stands three or four feet above water. From this vantage point the ship is steered when running on the surface, and it is here that interest centers. Forward and aft, on this superstructure, the two periscopes project an additional ten feet; by the wheel are detailed charts and intricate machinery for communicating with the engine-room; and near the center is a hatch that leads below.

THE RIDE

I had just turned to the officer in command and was about to ask him some of the questions that were on my mind,—when suddenly there came the muffled roar of engines, and we began to move. I turned and looked astern, whence from port and starboard exhausts poured huge quantities of dense yellowish-white smoke. The propellers were churning up quite a wake, and there was a subdued vibration under my feet. I turned once more and looked ahead, where the

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craft's sharp prow was already cutting the water left and right into tall columns. One thing was certain. We were making an exceedingly rapid getaway.

I asked the officer at the wheel what our speed was, and he told me 15 knots. He did not say how much more she could do, but I am confident her maximum is 18 at least, for presently the vibration increased, and we seemed almost to leap ahead like a sword-fish jumps. By this time the exhaust holes had ceased pouring out that thick yellowish-white smoke cloud, and only a thin bluish vapor was visible.

We had now left the bay and its sprinkling of ships behind us, and were headed seaward. Rapidly the long flat Cape Cod shoreline faded away. Five minutes more, and there was no longer anything but water left to see.

So I climbed below, through the little circular hatch in the conning-tower, letting myself down rung by rung on the perilous steel ladder till my feet touched the solid flooring. Then I looked about me, wonderingly. For everything was machinery. Never before in my life had I seen such an array of wheels and valves and levers and charts, compasses, electric contrivances, gauges, dials, indicators, rods, crossrods, tanks—until I recoiled in bewilderment.

When I had recovered from the shock of that first impression, I looked again. What I was in was evidently the central control-compartment of the submarine. Here indeed, amid this labyrinth of enginery, was the romance of achievement, the poetry of dreams come true. I thrilled at the marvel of it. It seemed big, splendid. And I thought of the man whose brain had evolved it all. What he would have felt, had he stood where I now stood, and beheld the vision of a lifetime real at last. My hat off to you—J. P. Holland of Submarine fame!

This compartment measured, roughly, 40 feet from front to back and 16 feet across, the remainder of the total beam being taken up with armor-plate and a vacuum space between the outer and inner shells, for increasing the resistance to pressure when submerged. I will not attempt to go into much detail concerning the machinery about me. No one short of a technical journalist could do that. I wish merely to mention one important fact, and pass on—for it is here that the ship's eyes, the periscopes, are. They project down from above like two tapering stalactites, and may be raised or lowered or swung about in any position to suit the will of the operator.

I stepped up to one and glued my eye to its gleaming end, almost skeptical in spite of what I knew. But a single look, and I was skeptical no more,—for there, as I stood in the dimly-lighted interior far below the surface of the water, I saw with sudden dazzling clarity the blue sky, the green waves, a passing ship.

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Thoroughly convinced, I turned away and passed through a narrow opening to the next compartment forward. This was the quarters of the crew, with accomodations for 22 men, 11 bunks on a side. The *Isaac Peral* manned, besides these 22 men, 2 officers—making 24 in all. This compartment was 30 feet long and somewhat narrower than the one before, owing to the natural slope of the ship to a point at both bow and stern.

I next entered the officers' quarters forward, through another narrow door. This compartment was naturally smaller than the previous one, and very plain in its equipment. You will find no ornateness, no luxury, in a submarine, even among the officers. It is a ship of war, pure and simple, and every available inch of space not actually essential to human existence is given over to the mechanism of propulsion and destruction.

Which brings us to the next and foremost compartment—the torpedo-room. Again I passed through a narrow door, ducking my head this time to get within. And there I stood at last in the presence of King Whitehead, his Majesty the Torpedo.

It was a long room, tapering at the front to a space just large enough to accomodate four torpedo-tubes, in tiers of two. Through those sinister openings, merely by the pressure of buttons, four swift messengers of destruction could be dispatched. I thought of the *Lusitania,* and of how terribly easy modern warfare made it to precipitate fearful catastrophe.

To the left and right, two in a rack, reposed four more deadly torpedoes, making eight of these "little submarines" in all.

And that is what they are—*little submarines*—in design and control closely akin to their larger sister. Everyone has heard of them, of the tremendous damage they do; but few have any idea what they are like, how they go, or anything definite about them.

Let me say in a few words, then, that King Whitehead is of phosphor bronze, 21 feet long, 21 inches wide, and driven by air contained in its own tanks at a pressure of 1350 pounds to the square inch. It is shot from the submarine also by compressed air, through a long tube that leads to the water. Somewhere in this tube is a catch that springs a release on the torpedo as it passes, thus starting its motor. So from the moment it leaves the submarine, this "long lean fish" is under its own motive power.

King Whitehead, like a submarine, is divided into compartments, six of them all told: a forward explosive head, packed with damp gun-cotton, with a detonator attachment that fires the charge upon contact with anything solid, such as a ship's side; next, a compressed-air compartment; a balance compartment, to keep it on a horizontal plane; an engine compartment, wherein is contained a turbine type motor; a

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buoyancy compartment; and a gyroscope compartment, to ensure continuance on the course aimed. Then, in addition, there are horizontal and perpendicular rudders, which may be set in advance; and also, strong twin propellers.

So it is seen that the torpedo, like the submarine, is a highly organized, delicately adjusted, intricate and efficient weapon.

Let us now pass back through the forward compartments to the periscope-room, and thence sternward to the engine-room. Here are the great Diesel engines, thousands of horsepower, that propel the submarine along the surface of the water. They completely fill the compartment, in two ranks, left and right, separated by a space just sufficient to allow human passage between—huge oil-fed monsters that are insatiable. Speed! *Speed!* More speed! *More speed!* they seem to say, beating out their mighty rhythm.

I passed down that roaring channel uneasily, and entered the sternmost compartment, which houses the electric motors that drive the *Isaac Peral* when submerged. In shape and size, this room corresponded to the torpedo-room far forward. But there the comparison stopped. The motors, huge barrel-shaped things to right and left, took up most of the space. Of the rest, a deal of electric apparatus consumed the greater portion. At the very end, however, was a miniature workshop, with a turning lathe in the foreground, and oddments of tools visible here and there. To that room would come the engineers if trouble arose. There they would work to the last to save their ship. As I stood by, a picture rose in the back of my mind. I saw the submarine on the bottom of the bay, her ascending machinery suddenly gone wrong—a shaft broken, perhaps, or a bearing cracked. And I saw pale-faced men bending over that lathe, struggling feverishly, to repair the damage—as countless heroes must have struggled in the present War. I saw myself and others standing by, unable to help. Then suddenly I saw those tense men smile, and rise triumphant. I saw the ship in motion again, headed proudly for the surface. What tragedies the slimy ooze of the sea-bottom could reveal! Since 1914, 88 per cent of the German submarine fleet has found its way there!

The vision faded. I turned and left that vital room, passed back along the narrow channel between the roaring engines, reached the steel ladder that had brought me below, climbed it, and took breath after breath of pure sea air.

It seemed good to be above. I had seen enough. I wanted to think. For all my previous impressions of submarines, and particularly American ones, had been suddenly changed.

So Uncle Sam could build a boat like that! I was proud. I wanted to shout. I wanted everyone to know what I knew. If I could have had within earshot some of those people who have been

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filling our periodicals with a lot of rot about the inferiority of our under-sea craft, I would have told them a thing or two. I was "all het up," as the homely but descriptive saying goes.

And Boche thought he was doing something remarkable, did he, when he sent his *U-53* across the pond? Why, the *Isaac Peral,* just as I stood on her deck, could have cruised to the Dardanelles and back without replenishing so much as a drop of water! The Hun patted himself on the back and called it quite a feat, eh, when his *Deutschland* turned up a couple of times in American waters? Why, the *Isaac Peral* could establish a regular schedule between New York and Yokohoma, and not stop on the way either!

And as far as going to the bottom of the English Channel and staying there over night is concerned, which Captain Koenig said he did—this ship could remain submerged to a depth of nearly four hundred feet for three weeks at a stretch!

The facts are startling. New facts are always startling. I could go further into details concerning this wonderful craft, but I have already given you what is fundamental. The conclusion is obvious. You must have reached it, even though your previous impressions, like mine, were wrong. The Holland type submarine, as built in America by the Electric Boat Company, is, truly, the finest under-sea craft of them all.

THE HISTORY OF THE SUBMARINE

In order that a correct impression may be had of just what strides Uncle Sam has made in this direction, let us for a moment or two turn back to beginnings—back to Paterson, New Jersey. For it is there that Mr. Holland designed his first successful submarine, and the world's first successful submarine—the *Holland,* launched in 1900. This craft, by its amazingly successful performance, became immediately the envy of every nation of Europe.

Result: Great Britain the very next year laid down the keel of her first submersible, and thus began a regular building schedule that has continued uninterruptedly. And the same year Russia actually bought from us a Holland type under-sea boat, the *Protector.* That we should have been strengthening our own Navy with boats of that type was apparent even then. Baron Ferson, of the Russian Embassy, said regarding the above boat: "The *Protector* is a wonderful fighting machine; I don't believe the United States will ever let her go away from her own shore."

But we did, and we have let many others go in the time that has elapsed between then and now—with the result that we have but 27 ship-shape submarines in our Navy at the present writing. The history of these craft in America is one long record of prodigal exportation.

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The *Holland,* the British *No. 1* and the Russian *Protector,* those three early successful submarines, were all of about the same general type and size. A few figures will demonstrate clearly the improvement that has been made in the last few years. They were approximately 60 feet long, 12 feet wide, displaced in the neighborhood of 150 tons, had a surface speed of 8 knots, a submerged speed of 4 to 6 knots, and a cruising radius of 300 miles.

Compare this to the *Isaac Peral,* with a length of 196 feet, a beam of 18½ feet, a displacement of 700 tons, a surface speed of from 15 to 18 knots, a submerged speed of 12 knots, and a cruising radius of upwards of 10,000 miles. The mighty development under American inventive and perfective genius is visible at a glance.

The history of the submarine in France, Italy, and Spain is significant also. Even as far back as 1888, France built an under-sea craft, the *Gymnote.* But it was only partially successful, and not until that nation embodied in its submarine construction the fundamental principles of the American Holland type did they turn out a really satisfactory craft. Italy, in 1894, produced the *Delphino,* a boat only 56 feet long, 8 feet across, with a displacement less than 100 tons. This boat also lacked the features essential to success, and was laid aside as an experiment. In Spain the early efforts of Lieutenant Isaac Peral, for whom the new big submarine is named, met with considerable good fortune. In 1887 he designed a boat that had many admirable qualities. It was taken over by the Government and named the *Peral.* As a weapon of actual warfare, however, there is no record that it ever accomplished anything. If its principles of construction had been really successful, Spain would have employed Peral-type boats against us in the War of 1898.

In Dewey's own words, speaking of the *Holland,* there are the famous lines: "If they had had two of those things at Manila, I could never have held it with the squadron I had." But they didn't have them, and as I have pointed out, it was not until Uncle Sam got busy that the submarine came to be anything more useful than a subject for fiction. In promoting this immensely valuable weapon of 20th century warfare, the late Isaac L. Rice deserves the highest praise. He stood behind it when it was most in need of a friend.

Even as late as 1910, the submarine was still an uncertain quantity (except to American designers and builders, who alone realized how well they had wrought). A celebrated English writer summed up the case in the following words: "The submarine has opened a new era in naval construction, and it is not a very easy matter to get, or give, an unbiased opinion as to the part this comparatively new weapon will play in future naval warfare; but from the fact that all the great Naval Powers are quickly adding to their already powerful Submarine

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Torpedo Boat Flotillas, and that millions are being spent each year on the building of these 'Daylight T. B.'s,' it is quite safe to assume that in the next great naval war, submarines will play no small part."

The above is a fair example of the average intelligent, untechnical opinion concerning the usefulness of this arm. That the "Powers That Be" knew for a certainty the submarine would prove itself, is of no especial credit to them. They couldn't help but know it, with the facts in hand.

Then historic 1914 came—and on the first wings of War rode the submarine, triumphantly. It is a long list of victories that have been hers since then. In the two bloodiest years of all the world, she has taken fearful toll. Time and again her value has been demonstrated, strikingly, dramatically. There is no longer any room for doubt. She has been vindicated.

Charles W. Domville-Fife, famous English authority on submarines, said recently: "Tempered and tried in the forge of War, the submarine has at last been lifted from the experimental stage of naval construction to the forefront of fleets in being. For over twenty years naval experts, marine engineers, and scientists have been wrestling with the vast and complex problems of submarine construction, navigation, and warfare, and have spent many millions, produced submersible warships of steadily increasing size and power—until today 264 of these vessels of over a dozen different and more or less secret designs, with displacements ranging from 100 to 1000 tons, are in the fighting line of the fleets at war."

And Frederick A. Talbot, a famous writer, not long ago declared: "No engine of destruction entered the arena of the Greatest War under such a cloud of uncertainty. It was an unknown quantity, an untried weapon, an arm which was to be passed through the mill of exacting application for the first time. Now, after two years, the submarine, as a fighting machine, has excelled the most sanguine expectation. The factors of reliability, mobility, and aggressiveness have been brought out with extraordinary force."

Such is the performance of this modern David. As I have said, the "Powers That Be" are not the only ones who knew. American designers and builders were certain of the outcome long ago. But they were modest. They did not talk much. They just went ahead doing their best—and their best has proved the best in the world.

But now the time has come to talk. The hour has arrived when modesty is no longer a virtue. The moment is opportune to let the American public into the secret. We have at last realized our danger. We have taken steps towards preparedness. Only a few half-fearful steps, to be sure; but steps, nevertheless. Let us now consider what remains to be done.

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OUR SUBMARINE NEEDS

In the first place, we must build two ships for ourselves for every one we send abroad. Only that way lies safety. We must not arm the world against ourselves. The United States has no desire for war. It wants but peace and the unhampered freedom of its own pursuits. It will not, however, be trifled with, imposed upon, invaded. Those sacred rights of its sovereignty it will defend to the last ship, to the last trench, to the last drop of blood.

The United States is a country that to be attacked by land must first be attacked by sea. Therefore, our fundamental need is for a strong Navy. If we can defeat the enemy on water, before he shall have had time to set foot on our shores, to obtain a grip on our industrial and agricultural and commercial centers,—then we shall be victorious at the very outset. But if through a weak Navy we once allow the enemy thus to get the advantage of us, then it will be year on year of trench fighting such as the world now witnesses with horror in Europe,—offensive after offensive on a prodigious scale, fearfully costly in human lives, yet which barely shakes the opposing lines, and leaves the attackers more shattered than the attacked.

The whole world history of war has shown that *the jump on the other fellow is half the fight. We now have it in our power to secure that jump, secure it so certainly and permanently that no nation with militaristic ambitions ever shall be able successfully even to engage us in naval combat, let alone decamp on our shores and desecrate our land.* We now have easily within our grasp the implement that will ensure us the goal of all our ambitions—which are peace and commercial harmony with the world. By a Navy strongly reinforced with submarines we can be guaranteed these things.

Consider for a moment the 1916 Naval Bill! It required 3 years to build the *Isaac Peral,* and it is generally admitted in naval circles that such a craft cannot be turned out much quicker. The significant point is this: *it will be 1920 before the submarines ordered in 1916 are in commission. And we have only begun to prepare. We need many times the submarines we now have or possibly can acquire within the next four years.* The question that arises right here is: how are we ever going to get prepared at this rate? It is like taking two steps backward to every step forward!

There is only one way out of it, only one answer to the question. At the next session, *Congress must sit down calmly and quietly and vote for a Naval Bill alongside of which the Bill of 1916 will appear small.* It will cost the people a lot of money, but not as much as the stoppage of commerce for a single day.

Permanent national safety cannot be measured in terms of dollars and cents. Let all partisan lines be laid aside. Let us proceed

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fixedly and with but a single purpose to the goal. Let the bitter hour never come when we shall have to say: if we had only heeded—if we had only prepared. *Let there be no ifs in our national future!*

The problem is twofold. In the first place, what are we going to do? In the second place, how are we going to do it? Once we decide on the number of submarines actually necessary to back up the Navy and give us adequate protection, then some method can be devised to put the program through.

Let us, therefore, give the matter our attention. With the 9 fleet and 53 coast-defence submersibles stipulated by the 1916 Bill, by 1920 we will have 89 under-sea craft in all—less the depreciation from wear and tear, which in the case of the older boats will be fully fifty per cent. That leaves a maximum of 75, which is not nearly enough. *How many more are needed?*

The answer is not as difficult as it seems. *We need at least as many submarines as any possible combination of belligerents could produce. That means, at the lowest figure, over 200. At the highest figure, it means 400.* Then the right number is somewhere between 200 and 400—not less than 300, in any case. Let Congress split the hairs. But let us tell Congress where we stand. Then, whether they make it 301 or 399, we will at least be sure of getting the minimum in any eventuality.

We have been preaching Preparedness upwards of two years. It has taken us that time to get started. We are at last in motion. But we must realize that it is only a beginning. There are those among us who, now the Naval Bill is law, lapse back into their wonted indifference. To them, a paper Navy and an actual battle fleet on the high seas are one and the same. They do not realize the essential differences of sloth, of laxity, of procrastination.

And at the same time we must not be unreasonable. For haste never accomplished anything permanent. We must be patient with those who have our welfare at heart. The burdens they bear are heavy. They are giving their best for us. Let us give our best for them. If criticism can help, then let us criticize. If it can only hinder, or do no good—then let us be silent, and wait. The will of the people must be obeyed. Let us but will, and will wisely.

We can make the finest submarines in the world. I have emphasized this already. I emphasize it once again, for it cannot be made too clear. Let us, therefore, proceed sanely and thoroughly to equip ourselves with this mighty David, so that all nations may be discouraged from entertaining military ambitions against The Land of Freedom.

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MILITARY TRAINING AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOL

ALBERT J. LEVINE

THERE is, sometimes, about a name much that is noxious. By the subtle alchemy of differentiation it is in time transmuted into a new form. Unfortunately, the new product is more often than not a much baser metal. The Welsh-Slater law of New York legalizes the introduction of military training in the schools. The public may render it nugatory by disapprobation.

The task of convincing the public should not prove a difficult one. To restore the word "military" to its rightful place in the lexicon of social betterment, one needs but a simplified, albeit a tentative, definition: Military training is a form of physical training of a military character which aims to train the youth of our country in personal efficiency, in correct posture, and in simplicity of living to the end that this land of ours shall be peopled by the men and women with souls that will not shrink when a crisis comes to try them. Military training possesses a direct moral value to a degree not claimed for physical training. Many believe, with the author of PIGS IS PIGS, that exercises is exercises. They are educational, recreational and corrective; but their basis is not military virtue, but military drill.

More than one virtue flows from a training that is military. Moral excellence is perhaps the greatest. *The upright man is usually the upstanding man. We visualize him as standing erect before his fellowmen, clear of skin, fearless of eye, resolute of purpose, self-contained and self-directive.*

The reciprocal action of the physical life upon the moral is rather underestimated. "Close your mouth and save your soul"—has a sizable grain of truth in it. The disastrous effects of mouth breathing reach into the realm of the spiritual. Ignorance of the laws of personal hygiene has proved the undoing of many. A constricted diaphragm may bring about a dwarfed soul; and the science of dietetics is uprooting age-old tenets of penology.

Moral instruction is not always crowned with success. One assumes an attitude of resentment towards a preachment even though it be skilfully disguised as a tale. The point is bound to protrude; and we shy off! Moral strength, like physical strength, must come from within. It must not be enjoined upon us: it must be desired. The electricity of morality cannot reach the soul by conduction; it must get there by induction. Impress upon the boy that smoking will in-

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terfere with accurate shooting, that overeating will rob him of his soldierly figure, and he will desist far more readily than one imagines. The introduction of the automobile has done more for the cause of temperance than a half-a-hundred blue laws. Perfecting the physical organism, co-ordinating its movments, imparting, parenthetically, sane views on personal hygiene, may force one to regard the direct teaching of morals as a work of supererogation. But one must start early, when the body has not diminished in resiliency. For one will find more need for corrective exercises than for formative ones; and so true is it that we are creatures of habit that the work of correction often becomes heart-rending in its ineffectiveness.

Another military virtue which deserves attention from educators is *military precision.* One does not need to multiply instances of verbosity in replies, the sheer inability to reach from one point of a thought to another in a straight line of brevity. Now mark the soldier's way. The superior officer desires information. *Click* go the heels! That seems to close the circuit of consciousness! The report is delivered with the staccato directness of a Morse instrument. There is no delay; there is no redundancy. One must also commend that absence of gratuitous information that in civil life is irritatingly conspicuous in the ritual of "giving advice"—that outpouring of fact and fancy which is as ceaseless as the flow of waters. "Speak when spoken to" has lost none of its force.

With few exceptions, it is a mistake to encourage children to talk aimlessly. One is reminded of the example: "If it takes one pipe two hours to fill a tank and another pipe one hour to empty it, how long will it take to fill it?" The answer is distressingly obvious. Verbal economy and military conciseness are qualities of intercourse that will not result in the repression of thinking; they will rather operate to clarify it.

The habit of reflection is a valuable asset; it becomes enhanced in value when it leads to the habit of action. Without it the dreamer is an "ineffectual angel." But it is not sufficient that action shall supervene upon thought; it is imperative that the action be instantaneous. In war, he who hesitates is lost—and brings calamity upon his fellows. Human ingenuity has devised nothing more efficacious to compass this goal than military drill. Enquiring observers dilate with rapture upon the precision of movement, that oneness of alignment and realignment which marks the drill of the West Pointer. Children love military tactics. They revel luxuriously in instantaneous response to commands. No subject of the curriculum is less onerous to teachers; the drill will come and stay.

The drill must be credited with another invaluable characteristic—*the infusion of the spirit of team work, of co-operation.* Society is a

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complicated bit of machinery with interlocking wheels and cogs. There must be no friction, no intermeddling of parts. Moreover, each part must be fitted for the work it is to do. A bolt may be a most insignificant element of the mechanism; but it must be a perfect bolt. To play the "bolt" cheerfully calls for a high quality of discipline; and military training will justify its existence if it does nothing else than ingrain into the mind of the youth that the "bolt" and the "cog" are respected and dignified members of any organization.

The world rightly adjudges praise to the man of action; and one kind of doing is exalted over all others. It is doing one's duty. In the currency of civic morality, "duty" is the obverse of which "right" is the more alluring face. *One hears too much cant about rights. If the world took its duties more seriously, its rights would not need to be made the object of so much "eternal vigilance."*

Military training invests duty with the ecstacy of religion. It is but a simple matter to transfer this training from the soldier to the citizen.

The boy, who learns to recognize equals in the members of his squad, may be considered immune from the disease of snobbishness, or envy. One must win his spurs to earn promotion and a superiority that any member of a company may achieve carries with it little of the rigidity of caste. "Every soldier carries in his knapsack the baton of a Field Marshal"—that is the most potent neutralizer of the "holier-than-thou" spirit.

One's claims gain in strength from the emphasis of understatement. The case for military training is a strong one. Much more may be predicated of it. But lest it sound like a panacea for all evils, one must be content to await tangible results. Much depends on the instrumentalities created to impart the training; more depends on the personnel of the teaching force. The goal must be kept in constant view; not physical drill but military training. And educators must make an effective reply to the syncopated banality, "I Did Not Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier!"

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BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

THE PRICE OF PROSPERITY

GEORGE WEISS

WE hear talk about the high wages that workingmen are obtaining throughout the land, but until lately nothing has been said of the difficulty in making even the higher scale of wages yield the same purchasing power as the lower scale of wages before the War. All economists admit that the United States must pay its share for carrying on the War. They declare that we are paying our share and that we will continue to do so for many years to come. This is a worldwide War and it has a worldwide effect. But this country is at peace. This country is supposed to be enjoying prosperity. Are we paying for our prosperity?

Here are the facts. Judge for yourself:

GOLD

The United States is suffering from a deluge of gold. To the uninitiated this would appear to be a foolish statement, but to the economists its import takes a different hue. Since the beginning of the War we have received upwards of $800,000,000 in gold. Think of it! The Treasury of the United States keeps a supply of $250,000,000 in gold with which to redeem paper currency. Still in two years Europe has dumped $800,000,000 in gold upon us. We do not want gold. The present era of high prices is due to the unprecedented flow of gold to this country. All commodity values are measured by the gold standard and when we have a plethora of gold the purchasing power of the yellow metal declines, which is equivalent to an advance in the cost of commodities. Now how does gold accomplish this condition?

In the first place, large supplies of gold strengthen the credit situation. Banks loaded down with gold are willing to loan freely at low rates. Industries and trade, perceiving that funds are available at a slight cost, borrow from the banks. The ability to borrow increases the demand for credits which the manufacturers of the country use to expand their operations. Demand for raw materials expands. The supply is not increased and where there was a surplus there is now a deficit. The natural result is, the prices of raw materials advance. Increased manufacturing operations means greater employment and

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higher wages. The workers benefit. The manufacturers having paid more for their raw material charge more for the manufactured product. The era of higher prices has begun. In that manner the flood of gold is the cause of the increeased commodity prices.

Our Wheat Crop Cut in Half

The harvest this year will be one half the size of last year. The crop is a failure in that it cannot furnish sufficient supplies to aid the non-producing countries of the world. The present crop has an exportable surplus of only 27,000,000 bushels. Since last August sales for export have amounted to over 150,000,000. We have already sold 50,000,000 bushels of wheat. Each day sales on the Chicago Board of Trade run from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 bushels.

In August of 1914, best spring patents flour sold at $4.60 a barrel. As I write the price is $10.05 a barrel, and as this is being read by Forum readers the price will probably be near to $12 per barrel. Before the War No. 2 red winter wheat sold at about 95 cents a bushel. During the month of October new high record prices were being established each day. On November 1st the price of December wheat was $1.90 per bushel while cash wheat sold at $2.07 a bushel. These are War prices. Never since the days of the Civil War has wheat gone to $2.00 except when certain corners were effected.

The Bosphorus is closed. The immense wheat reserves of Russia are tied up. Rumania, now on the Allied side, is in a similar plight. Two large producers of Europe are insolated. What is the result? The other wheat producing countries of the world, the United States, Argentina, India, and Australia are called upon to feed the armies of Europe. In the first year of the War a kind Providence gave us a wheat crop of bountiful proportions. Now there has been a reversal. Rust, dry weather, Hessian fly, and other blights have ruined millions of bushels. Growing wheat has been so badly damaged that the farmers of the West are not taking the trouble to thresh it. The American wheat crop this year will harvest only 607,557,000 bushels. Last year the record-breaking crop harvested 1,011,505,000 bushels. This record-breaking crop gave a carry over of 100,000,000 bushels. Domestic consumption of wheat is figured at 667,000,000 bushels, as out of a total supply of 767,557,000 bushels we have only 100,000,000 bushels rightfully available for export.

All our crops have been stricken. The corn crop has fallen off to 2,717,000,000 bushels against 3,054,000,000 bushels in 1915, while oats this year will yield only 1,229,000,000 bushels against 1,540,000,000 bushels a year ago. Canada, a large producer of wheat, also has felt the scourge of grain disaster. The present Canadian wheat crop will harvest only 159,123,000 bushels as compared with 376,303,000 bushels

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in 1915. Rust and dry weather has brought the Canadian yield down from 29 bushels per acre to 15⅞ bushels per acre. And even this greatly diminished crop will not be available until spring.

The English Government has taken over the whole business of importing wheat. What does this mean? It means that all the resources of England are to be taxed to the utmost to insure adequate supplies of wheat. Steamship owners have been getting from 11 pence to 15 pence per bushel for transporting grain. The rate will now be put down at 5 pence. England has millions of tons of shipping in its control and plans to rush these boats into American ports to carry away every bushel of wheat that its buyers can lay their hands upon. Buying of wheat for the Allied Powers has been centralized. For a year or more England has had two grain-buying departments here. The Hudson Bay Company represented her in Canada and Ross T. Smyth & Co. of Liverpool gave up their private business and represented her here.

A baker using 10,000 barrels of flour a year would make net profits in normal times of about $10,000 per year, the flour costing him $45,000. Now, if flour goes up to $9.75, his flour costs him $97,500 per year and his profit of $10,000 is changed into a loss of $46,000. What is the result? The price of bread goes up. With flour at $4.50 a barrel the baker makes a profit of 3/10 cents per loaf. With flour at $9.75 a barrel the same sized loaf means a loss of ¾ cents per loaf.

Everywhere, everything is going up. The country consumes a tremendous quantity of canned goods. In 1914 there were 3,199 canning establishments in the United States, having a production valued at $380,000,000. Canned tomatoes have advanced from 65 cents to $1.25 per dozen wholesale, in one year. Maine corn sold at 65 cents a dozen in October last year. Now the price is $1.50 a dozen. Currants, that a year ago sold at 9¾ cents per pound, now sell at 19 cents; sardines, at $2.10 per dozen cans, now at $3.25; raisins, at 7 cents per pound, now at 9½ cents; salmon, at $1.55 per dozen cans, now at $1.85.

Growers of foodstuffs realize there is a worldwide demand and are insisting that they be paid higher prices, and they are securing higher prices. The buyer must eat out of the sellers' hands.

Are Butter and Eggs Luxuries?

Weather conditions play an important part in the production of milk and butter. A wet spring is conducive to production. Frequent rains in the spring stir the growth of the fields and make the grazing lands rich. The cows produce better milk, which means more butter fats. The speculator in butter therefore always watches the weather in spring. He scans the daily weather reports and records the precipi-

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tation. By these means he can gauge with a startling degree of accuracy what the output and quality of milk and butter will be.

Last spring was very moist. We had frequent rains. The grazing lands of the country ripened quickly. The production of milk and butter leaped upwards. The price of butter slumped. The speculators knew that they could expect little in the way of quick profits from such a condition. They thought butter would go into cold storage at such a rate that capacity would be taxed to the bursting point. But the unexpected happened. The people had money. They had no conception of a scarcity of food. Butter instead of going into cold storage went quickly into consumption. At the same time Europe drew tremendously upon us for canned milk, a product that Europe formerly sent here. The net result is that the bounty of the spring months no longer exists.

In the fiscal year recently ended, the United States exported no less than 13,503,279 pounds of butter while in 1915 Europe took only 3,693,597 pounds. England, formerly supplied by Holland, found Germany had outbid her, and therefore had to come here. Australia and Canada were also large and unusual buyers. Creamery extras sold wholesale on November 1st at 38 cents per pound and when it reaches the table of your humble workingman, if it ever gets there, it costs him about 43 cents a pound.

Concerning eggs, the story is just as interesting. Probably I should not say that. It is a shameful record of blind disregard to the proper conservation of foodstuffs. Before the War strictly fresh eggs retailed at 45 cents a dozen. Now we are paying 75 cents a dozen for strictly fresh eggs and 39 cents a dozen for storage eggs. By Christmas time storage eggs will be selling at 45 cents a dozen and strictly fresh eggs will be worth their weight in gold. The egg speculators are having a joyful time. There is a tremendous demand and prices are high. He who bids the most carries away the eggs.

The Sugar Situation

The cane sugar crop of Cuba this year is the largest on record, amounting to 483,590 tons. Still the price of sugar is 100 per cent above normal. Europe is a large producer of beet sugar. The War has curtailed this production in Europe. Therefore Cuba's gain is overbalanced by a loss on the other side. Our exports of refined sugar in the fiscal year just ended were in excess of the exports of any other country in the world. We exported 1½ billion pounds of refined sugar as against one-half billion pounds in the first year of the War, and one-tenth of a billion pounds in the year preceding the War. The normal price of sugar is 4½ cents a pound. The price now is 9 cents per pound and it will soon be 10 cents per pound. England has been a tremendous buyer of refined sugar in this country. Orders for 5,000

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to 10,000 tons have been common. One order ran as high as 100,000 tons. Germany, Austria-Hungary and Russia were large exporters of sugar. Germany in 1913 exported 2,460,000,000 pounds, Austria-Hungary, 2,369,000,000 pounds, and Russia, 1,000,000,000 pounds. France in normal years exported about 400,000,000 pounds. Now France is importing more than that amount from this country. Belgium, which normally exported 350,000,000 pounds, now of course exports none. Holland usually exported 40,000,000 pounds, but now has an export embargo.

The Cost of Shoes

Footwear is not one of the minor essentials of life. Prices on shoes have gone sky high. How have shoe prices advanced? The important manufacturers who for years and years made shoes at a standard price have been compelled to advance their prices, preferring not to lower the quality of their product. Even the maker of shoddy shoes has suffered. A shoe that two years ago cost $3.00 now costs $4.00. I am only talking about the shoe that is actually necessary in life. The shoe of luxury has advanced more than 25 per cent; in some cases 75 per cent. The fine hand-made shoe that cost $5.00 a pair before the war now costs $9.00 a pair. Bear in mind that each extra dollar taken away from the workingman means a consequent dimunition in the prosperity of the country. How can funds deposited with the savings banks increase if every penny of increased wages comes out of the pockets of the workmen to furnish them with the necessities of life? The increased scale of wages available now is insufficient to provide the workingmen with the same standard of living that the lower scale of wages before the war enabled. Small wonder then that the army of workers is restless. It does no good to advance wages and then turn around and draw more than that advance away from the wage earner.

Soldiers wear out shoes in two months. Orders for millions of shoes are coming to this country. The shoe factories of Europe are taxed to their capacity but cannot supply the demand. The United States must help out with about 5,000,000 pairs. The shoe factories of Europe are not supplying a tenth of the civilian needs of Europe, so the American factories must fill the gap. Thus in the fiscal year ended June 30 last, we exported 20,358,472 pairs of shoes, while in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1914, we exported only 9,902,334 pairs of shoes. An increase of over 10,000,000 pair. But that is not all. Europe is also buying a tremendous amount of leather here. Our tanners must supply the shoe makers of Europe. Therefore in the last fiscal year we exported 78,013,520 pounds of sole leather as contrasted with exports of 29,190,958 pounds in the fiscal year just before the

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War. An increase of 50,000,000 pounds. Now even in ordinary times we import large quantities of leather from South America, but shipping space is scarce, so our imports are considerably smaller.

The farmer gets more for his cattle. The packer gets more for dressed meat and then charges more also for the raw hide. The tanner pays more for the hide and puts a war profit on the tanned hide. The shoe maker says the law of supply and demand fixes the price and who ultimately pays? Raw materials for shoes have advanced. That is well known. The First National Bank of Boston, an institution right in the heart of the shoe and leather industry, prepared the following figures showing what has happened to prices of leather and findings that enter into the manufacture of shoes. See the advances. They range from 25 to 171 per cent.:

	July, 1915.	Feb., 1916.	Sept., 1916.	Per cent increase (14 mos.)
Tan calf	$0.29	$ 0.36	$ 0.50-.54	80
Black dull calf	.29	.35	.46-.50	65
Colored kid	.40	.55	.65-.70	70
Men's glazed kid	.17-.35	.18-.40	.28-.50	65-43
Women's glazed kid	.20	.28	.32	60
Full chrome size leather	.24	.29	.34	42
Patent side leather	.29	.32	.37	27
Black sheep skins	.07	.12	.19	171
Un. sole leather	.46	.58	.65	41
Hemlock sole leather	.28	.35	.38	21
Women's cut soles, 1st quality	.20	.30	.34	70
Men's cut soles, 1st quality	.40	.47	.50	25
Duck lining (per yard)	.12½	.14½	.19½	58
Men's laces (per gross)	.40	1.25	1.00	150
Mat sheep topping	.08	.11	.18-.20	150
Packer steer backs	.40	.52	.60	50

Cotton at Twenty Cents a Pound

During the first year of the War the South was paralyzed. The people of the North were importuned to buy a bale of cotton. Now with the War in its third year, cotton is once again King. Negro farmers of the South are riding around in automobiles. Workers of the North are wondering what they will do for clothing. Wool prices are prohibitive and now cotton jumps suddenly to Civil War levels. Cotton has cornered itself. The crop now being harvested will not go

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above 12,000,000 bales. We are consuming and exporting cotton at the rate of 16,000,000 bales per crop. Hence the advance in price. As I write cotton has sold above 19 cents a pound and by the time this issue of FORUM is off the press, cotton will be selling at 20 cents a pound. Bear in mind that we are consuming cotton at the ratio of 16 pounds to every 12 pounds produced. How long can this last? In the period 1861-1865 scarcely any cotton was grown in the South. Every spindle was idle, every loom stopped. Are we facing a similar proposition next Spring?

England's cotton requirements are tremendous. Germany needs cotton and is getting it. Cotton for a long time was not considered contraband. It now is. But Germany still gets cotton. Ask any shipping man why thousands of bales of cotton should move to the port of Gothenburg in Sweden and he will smile. He does not know. Perhaps they have built cotton mills there. There are no cotton mills at Gothenburg, nor anywhere near that port. The cotton that is moving to Gothenburg is going to Germany. Europe is not taking half of the raw cotton that it bought before the War. But in the case of manufactured cotton goods, its purchases have increased over 100 per cent. In the last fiscal year, England, the premier cotton manufacturing country of the world, bought 23,686,781 yards of cotton cloths as against 2,386,618 yards in the fiscal year before the War. Here is an increase of over 1,500 per cent. Millions of people in all climes depended on English mills for their cloths. Today their dependence is on American mills.

In the last fiscal year we exported manufactured cotton goods to a total value of $112,053,127 as contrasted with exports valued at $51,467,233 in the fiscal year before the War. Quite a difference you will admit. England a few weeks ago adopted drastic measures to insure needed supplies of cotton. The steamship freight rate held for a long time at $15 per bale. Now England has cut the rate to $5.00 per bale.

THE MEAT SITUATION

In England, the working class is satisfied to have meat once a week. In this country, every one has meat at least once a day and many as often as three times a day. The meat situation is terrific. Exports of meat in the past fiscal year were valued at the enormous sum of $291,057,602, while in the fiscal year before the War our exports of meat products were valued at $143,261,846. Canned meat, fresh meat, meat on the hoof, have been going out of the United States like chaff out of a thresher. Every steamer Europe bound is carrying thousands of pounds of meat. Small wonder then that meat prices in the wholesale and retail markets have skyrocketed.

All in all, it looks as if Uncle Sam were paying a high price for his prosperity.

THE WILLIAMS PRINTING COMPANY, NEW YORK

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